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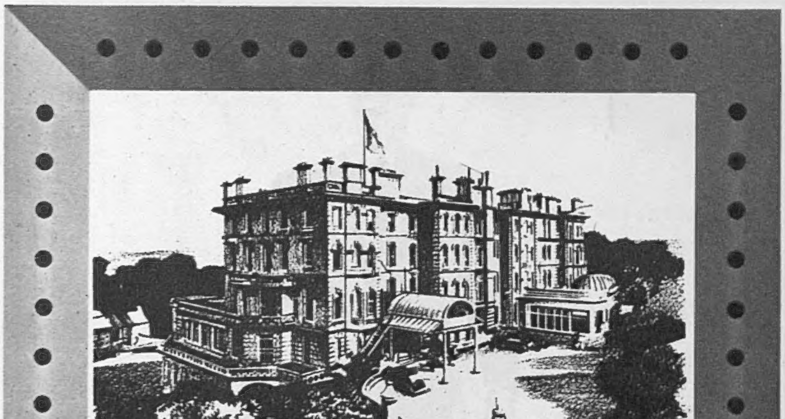

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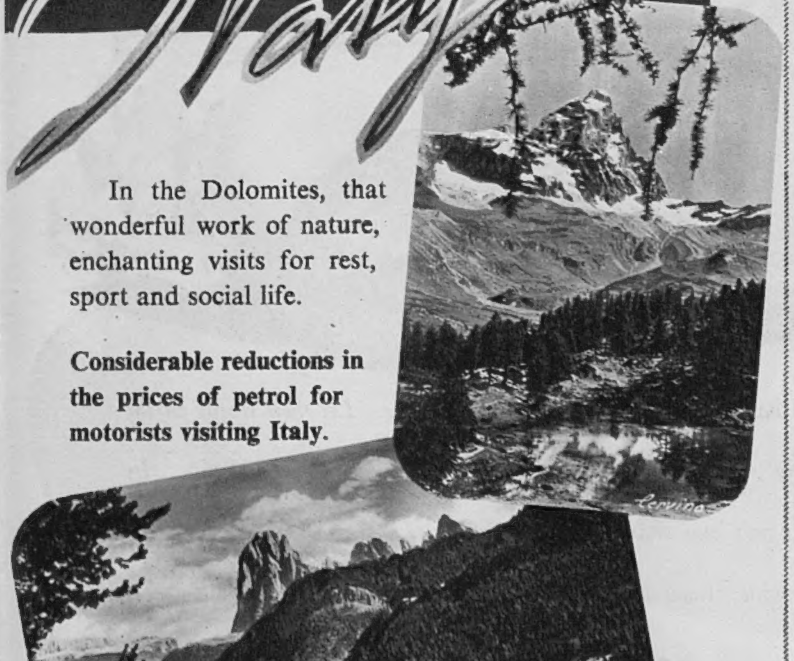

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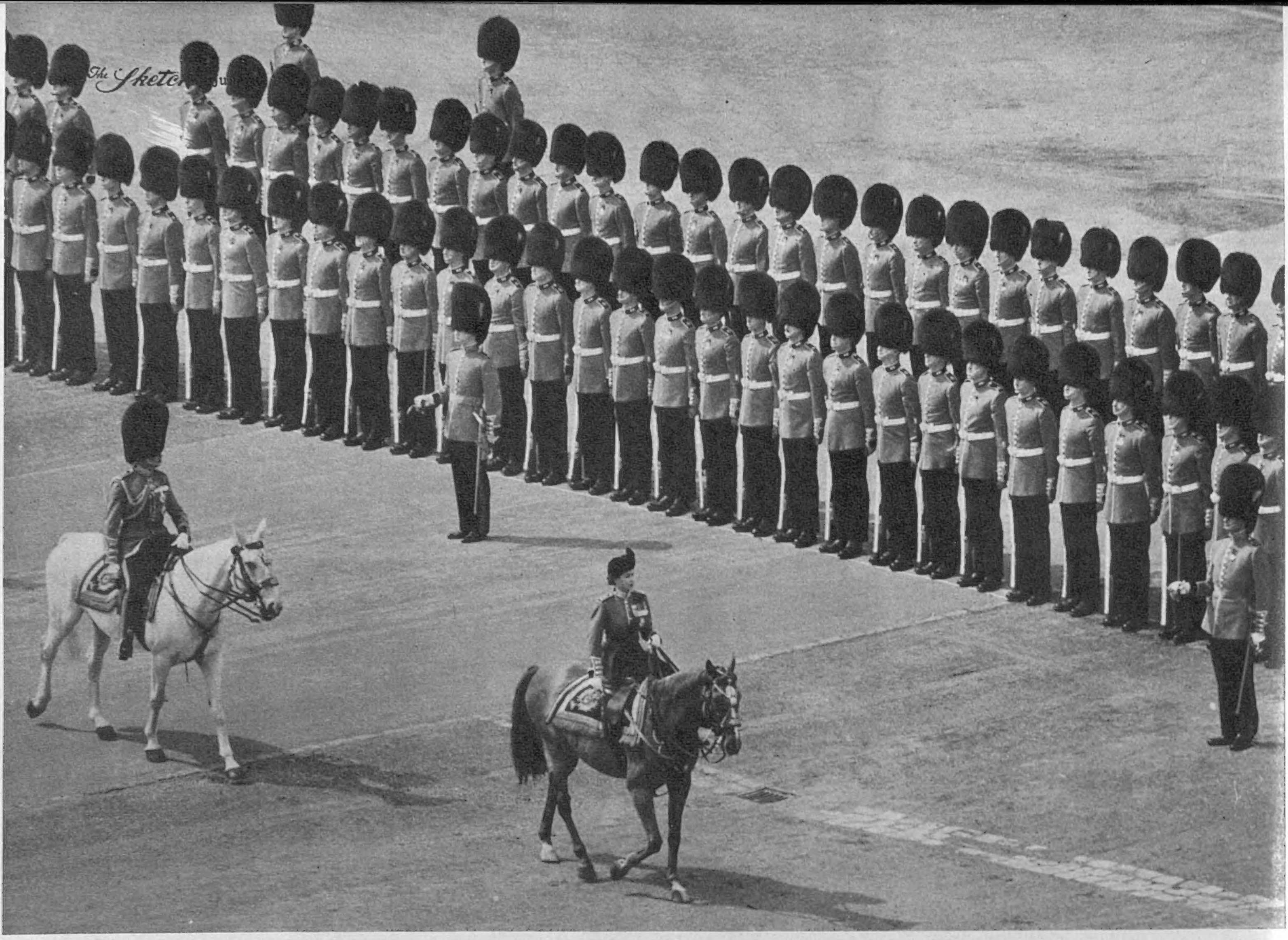
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1952

Photographed by Cecil Beaton.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

Princess Alexandra of Kent, who was born on Christmas Day, 1936, is fast growing up to be beautiful like her mother, the former Princess Marina of Greece. Our photograph was taken in the garden at The Coppins, the Kents' home at Iver, Buckinghamshire, where the young Princess lives with her mother and two brothers. The Duke of Kent is the eldest by just over a year; Prince Michael was born in 1942, a month before their father was killed on active service.



A QUEEN MADE HISTORY—when for the first time a Queen took the Salute at her Birthday Parade. Here Her Majesty, followed by the Duke of Gloucester, is inspecting the Scots Guards on Horse Guards Parade during the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on June 5.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

FULL marks to Lord Cowdray for his gallant efforts to revive an interest in polo in this country. Before the war there was nothing pleasanter than the thunder of hooves and the "tock" of the ball on the polo grounds on a hot afternoon at Hurlingham. The grounds have now been taken over by the L.C.C.—a fate which would, I believe, have overtaken the whole Club at the behest of the class-conscious members of the 1945 Socialist Government had it not been for the sturdy championship of the late Ernie Bevin, who, as Foreign Secretary, quite rightly wished to preserve this London amenity for the foreign diplomats who constitute so large a part of its membership.

Incidentally, as one who believes that, even in this increasingly mediocre and anonymous age, personality still has a rôle to play, it is heartening to see what a splendid job Brigadier Macleod, the new Secretary, has made of this attractive Club. One of the greatest of Anthony Eden's and Ernie Bevin's predecessors as Foreign Secretary once wrote: "Away with the cant of 'measures not men'—the idle supposition that it is the harness and not the horses that draw the chariot along." Brigadier Macleod has, as I think other members will agree, transformed Hurlingham in all departments save one. I hope that he will not take it amiss if I suggest that Escoffier, Vatel, old Uncle Lucullus and all would not make the brief journey to Putney solely on account of the restaurant menus.

To return to Lord Cowdray and polo, however, let me wish him success in his efforts. Cowdray Park provides a perfect setting, and the attempts of Lord Cowdray and his fellow-enthusiasts to make polo pay for itself as an attractive spectacle deserve every support. When I compare the lack of popularity of ballet before the war with the present almost excessive zeal of its many fans (which include my two small daughters and my admirable cook-housekeeper Eva), I am filled with hope. I trust, however, that a parallel situation to that which precludes me from having a dinner-party on important ballet nights will not arise with polo. Cowdray is so much farther off than Covent Garden!

BY the time this appears, the M.P.s will have gone back to school, still wearily ploughing their way through the Budget proposals. One Member of the Government who emerged covered with quiet glory from the long hours spent in the battles before Whitsun was John Boyd-Carpenter, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, whose unruffled fortitude, patience and skill in debate earned general favourable comment which would have delighted the heart of that much-loved Parliamentarian his father, the late Sir "Archie" Boyd-Carpenter, who, incidentally, was himself Financial Secretary. It is said of the late Lord Birkenhead that "F.E." in a moment of modesty remarked: "There are five main kinds of public speaking. I flatter myself that I am the only man who has mastered them all." I really believe, having heard him speak from the age of thirteen, that John Boyd-Carpenter is creeping up on F.E. He was a first-class President of the Oxford Union, with a mastery of that style (which delights probably the most critical audience in the world) such as few Presidents since the late Philip Guedalla have had. He is equally good on a public platform, has proved himself in the House, and as an after-dinner speaker is a sheer delight. I have forgotten what F.E.'s fifth style of public speaking was. If it was the Bar, John Boyd-Carpenter, a barrister by profession, whom I have not heard in court, has

still a chance. For even the most admirable politicians, in the course of nature, spend periods in opposition! It is curious to reflect that this pillar of official Conservatism on the Treasury Bench was, in his early days at Stowe, known as "Bolshy" Boyd-Carpenter—but then, at the same period, we also called that svelte idol of the bobby-soxers, David Niven, "Podger" or "Fatty" Niven.

THE Government's deflationary policy, in which Mr. Boyd-Carpenter plays a part, is certainly having the effect of tightening up credit all round. So much so that a friend has received a letter from his Oxford tailors and outfitters, to whom he has been tied by the umbilical cord of credit ever since he was an undergraduate, twenty-five years ago, which runs as follows:

DEAR SIR,

The money problem has become very acute with us all, and the absence of payment from you and many customers, together with the increase in Bank Rate, makes the financing of our business extremely difficult.

We should therefore value your cheque for at least part of the amount outstanding, and if you can show us this amount of consideration it would be a kindly return for the reasonable accommodation we are glad to allow.

In any case, we thank you for the good feeling with which this request will be received, and assure you also of our appreciation of your valued support whenever the possibility of service arises.

Yours faithfully,

This courteous appeal so moved him that I am glad to report that a cheque was instantly despatched.

This reminds me of a story which was much in vogue at the time of the great depression of the early '30's, and which I feel sure will crop up again, and will be told to me by the younger generation as entirely new at any moment now. A gentleman received an extremely rude letter from a creditor. This enraged him so much that he replied as follows: "SIR, I have your insulting letter of such-and-such a date. I would have you know that it is my practice at regular intervals to place the names of all my creditors in a hat, and to draw out one or two of them, who then receive attention. If I have any more of this nonsense from you, your name will not even go into the hat."

TALKING of the permanent or temporary end of the sellers' market in certain trades, I met a friend in the boot-and-shoe industry who was complaining of the lack of buyers. He was not, I think, altogether heartened by my telling him of a crack which I made in the war. Towards the end of the war the position with regard to leather became so tight that some Government high-up was explaining to me that, except for the essential demands of the Services, the shoemakers were virtually at a standstill as far as the home market was concerned. My 1945 suggestion that it was a case of "*Dolcis far niente*" was not so well received by my friend in 1952!

Italian is, of course (if accompanied by appropriate gestures), a charming language for anecdote. I was delighted with an experience of a friend of a friend, who was recently staying in Italy in one of those little sun-baked Italian towns built half-way up a mountain-side. He is a Roman Catholic, and went to confession. He prides himself on his Italian. Evidently it is not as good as he imagines it to be, for his harmless admission of some very minor peccadilloes brought him a swingeing penance, including a pilgrimage, with appropriate penitential exercises, 2000 ft. up the mountainside to a shrine at the top. Staggering under this blow, for he is scarcely built for such things, he was leaving the church, when he heard the curtains of the confessional box rattle, and the priest appeared, wagged a plump admonitory finger at him, and said: "*Ma non prende il funiculare!*" Evidently the good father had been had by his penitents that way before.

I WAS amused by my colleague Mr. J. C. Trewin's recent reference to Mr. Laurence Harvey's success as Orlando in *As You Like It* in getting over "one of Shakespeare's two worst couplets:

'Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.'"

Without encroaching on Mr. Trewin's preserves as a dramatic critic, I would like to ask him whether he can recall a wholly successful rendering of two other Shakespearean interchanges—both in *Macbeth*. In the first, Macduff is made to remark: "Our royal master's murdered," to which Lady Macbeth (always the perfect hostess, anxious to avoid any "awkwardness") replies: "Woe, alas! What! In our house?" This is only matched by the nonchalance of Donalbain, who, when informed (again by Macduff) that "Your royal father's murdered," comes back with "Oh! By whom?"—an early example of North British phlegm!

MY reference to "pillow bites" has brought me quite a crop of amusing examples. One of those I like best is the experience of Tom FitzGerald, now a pillar of the steel industry who, before the last war, was acting as A.D.C. and private secretary to Sir Douglas Jardine, the Governor of Sierra Leone. The then Colonial Secretary sent a cable to the Governor announcing the impending arrival of H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise, which naturally produced a considerable amount of activity at Government House, as various functions, including a dinner-party, a garden-party, a special lunch and the rest, had to be arranged. Some 600 V.I.P.s were to be invited, and the Governor's draft invitation read, roughly:

To have the honour to meet her Royal Highness

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE

The Governor requests the pleasure of...............

company at a Garden Party on .... at 3.30 p.m.

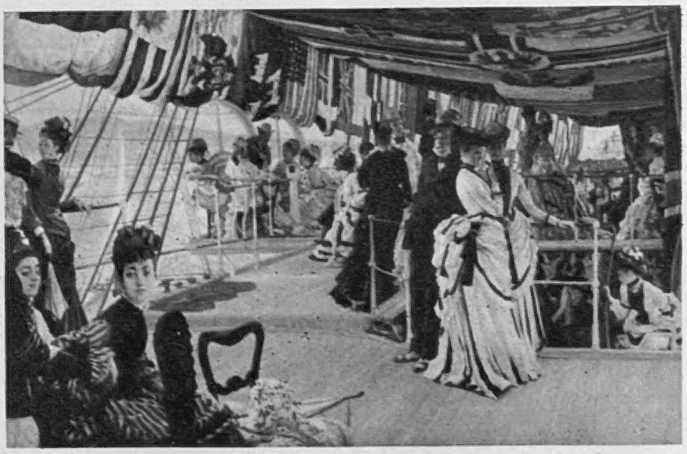
R.S.V.P. The A.D.C.

It was Tom's job to arrange the printing of the cards with the Government printer. When they were already in the printer's hands the Governor decided that, to mark the occasion, instead of the normal black lettering, the words "To have the honour to meet her Royal Highness Princess Marie Louise" should be in red. Tom accordingly telephoned the alteration to the Government printer, and as the matter was such a simple one did not ask for a fresh draft. After the cards had arrived, and the first fifty had been despatched, some instinct made him look at the invitation again more closely. A cold perspiration bedewed his brow when he discovered that the cards read:

To have the honour to meet her Royal Highness

PRINCESS MARIE LOUSIE.

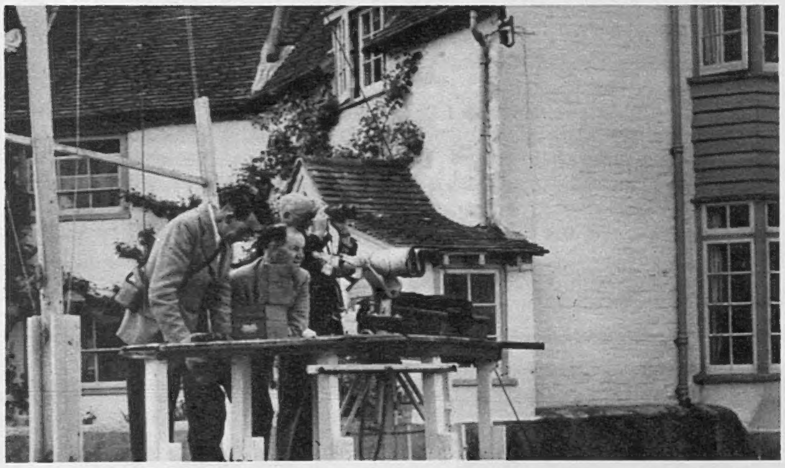
By superhuman efforts and many deft excuses, he managed to get back all the original cards except one, substituting a correct one without arousing the attention of the recipient. The exception was a member of the Secretariat who smelt a rat, looked at his card more closely, and has kept it as a souvenir. Tom did not break it to the Governor until they were on the ship on their way back to England. Sir Douglas was highly amused, but remarked that it was perhaps on the whole a good thing that he did not know about it at the time.



In Response to Many Enquiries . . .

as to the origin of the much-talked-of Cover of "The Sketch" Summer Fashion Number, we reproduce here the painting of which our Cover represented a part. Painted by the French artist Tissot and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, the picture represents a scene at Cowes and is entitled "The Ball on Shipboard." In 1937 it was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest from Sir Alfred Munnings, and is now in the Tate Gallery, through the courtesy of whose Trustees we were able to reproduce the detail which formed our Cover. Tissot's chief life work was his series of 700 water-colour drawings illustrating the life of Christ and the Old Testament; this picture of contemporary social life on the English side of the Channel is rather a rare speciality.

A view of the Sharpie race (Heat A) on Saturday, June 7. Mr. Gavin Anderson, with his wife as crew, is in the lead with K 77, and won the race, but was disqualified for having crossed the starting-line before the gun in his heat the day before. Mr. W. J. Borthwick, who was second in the finals, is here sailing second in K 50.



Watching the finishing-line and timing the race are, *l. to r.*, Mr. A. H. Malby, Mr. F. T. West (timer) and Captain C. N. E. Currey, who was officer of the day and is also the Club Captain.

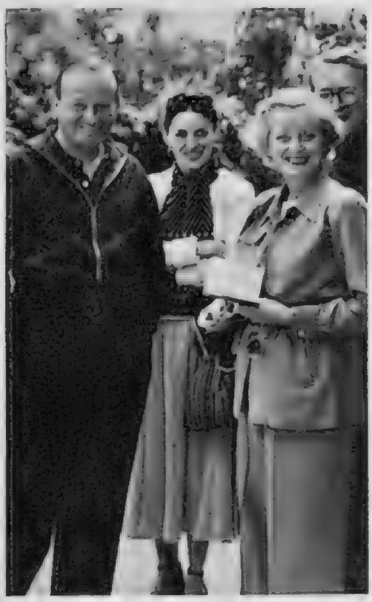
THE BRITISH SHARPIE TROPHY

The series of races for the British Sharpie Trophy lasted for three days (June 6-8), under the flag of the Itchenor Sailing Club, and our photographs were taken on the second day, when there was some exciting racing to be seen. The trophy was presented in 1933 by Mr. H. Budd to the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club; by courtesy of the Commodore of that Club, it may now be sailed for under the flags of other clubs. The winner—this year Mr. O. T. Atkins—who is also presented with a memento, holds the trophy for a year.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Borthwick. Mr. Anderson is Captain of the Sharpie class, a member of the Itchenor Sailing Club, and an outstanding helmsman.

Left: Sir Geoffrey Lowles, Commodore of the Itchenor Sailing Club since 1937, is Chairman of the 1952 Olympic Regatta Committee. *Right:* His daughter, "Pepe" Lowles, a "possible" Olympic helmswoman.



In the foreground are Mr. Frank Lawton and Miss Evelyn Laye, who were among those watching.

Mr. McLeod Wallace, Mr. E. T. Marchant and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Snelling. Mr. Wallace is Captain of the X class and owner of *Lone Star* X 95, built this year; Mr. Snelling owns *Sea Mist* X 83.

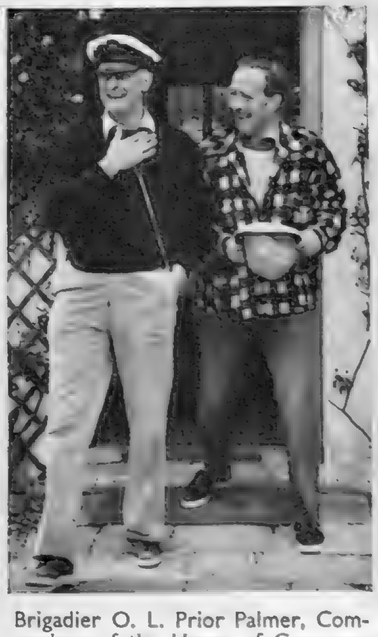
At the party in the evening were Lady Lowles, Mr. and Mrs. Pennymore and Sir Geoffrey Lowles.

In the Buttery: *l. to r.*, Mrs. and Mr. R. T. Vernon, Dr. W. S. Coltart, Mr. Farwell, Brigadier R. Gambier-Parry, Mr. W. R. Hutcheson and Mr. C. Dance; the helpers are Mrs. Haycock and Miss Jones.

In the bar: *l. to r.*, the barman; Mr. F. W. West, Mr. Carlton Wallace (*behind*), Squadron Leader J. Simpson, Mrs. A. Ashton, Mr. Ashton, Mr. P. K. Palmer, Mrs. P. C. Belson and Mr. Elphick.

Captain C. Coppinger, secretary of the Itchenor Sailing Club, and Mr. J. S. Widdows, treasurer.

At the party in the evening: *l. to r.*, Commander Edward Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Shackleton, Mrs. Whitehead and Mr. Anderson; all very sunny after their day in the open.

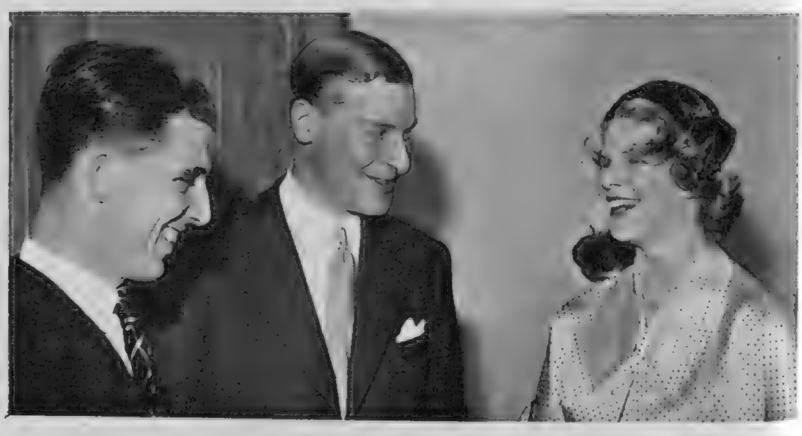


Brigadier O. L. Prior Palmer, Commodore of the House of Commons Yacht Club, with Mr. W. Hutcheson.

L. to r., Miss Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie, who is not yet out; Lady Tarbat, Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Rosemary Parker, Mrs. Clarence Parker, Miss Judith Shingler, one of the guests; and Lord Tarbat with Mr. Parker behind him.

Miss Davina Walford talking to Miss Virginia Estcourt, whose mother is giving a dance for her at Rowney Priory on June 21.

Mr. Timothy Parker, brother of Miss Rosemary Parker, with Miss Anne Fane.



Mr. James Casalis de Pury, Mr. Jeremy Allen and Miss Petal Maconochie, a glimpse of the room's carved panelling behind.

Mr. Cyril Newton and Miss Antonia Aked, standing by one of the long windows. There was an enticing balcony but people were prevented from going out on to it by bars and notices.

L. to r., Mrs. Clarence Parker, Lady Tarbat, Miss Gilean Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Parker, Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Mr. Clarence Parker and Lord Tarbat.

PARTY IN PARK LANE

Windows from floor to ceiling let sun and air into the party given at 45 Park Lane by Viscountess Tarbat and Mrs. Clarence Parker for the Hon. Julia Blunt-Mackenzie and Miss Rosemary Parker. People returning from the Derby were followed by friends all dressed up for evening outings and a mass of débutantes and others had a lovely time.

Mr. Harald Jakhelln and Miss Evelyn Prebensen, daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador.

Miss Catherine Spencer and Mr. Bill Maitland ready for the evening.

Lady Caroline Blackwood beneath a portrait of Sir Henry Morgan.

Photographed by Dorothy Wilding.

VISCOUNTESS SAVERNAKE

Lady Savernake is chairman and Princess Marie Louise is President of the Lord Roberts' Workshops Ball which is to take place at Park Lane House on June 26. Lady Savernake, who was Miss Edwina Wills, married Lord Cardigan's heir in the spring. She was one of last year's débutantes and although so young is taking much active interest in charity organisations.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

MAY 28.—Radiant young men at 45, Park Lane, Sir Philip Sassoon's old house, included Lord Boyne, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Mr. Reresby Sitwell, descendant of the famous trinity. They were guests at Lady Tarbat's and Mrs. Clarence Parker's party, photographs of which appear on pages 570-571.

Others who dodged the camera were Lady Mary Stuart Walker, Lord Bute's daughter, who brought Miss Ione Mary Stuart Walker, whom she is bringing out this year; Lady Listowel and Lady Dierdre Hare; Mrs. Neilson and her daughter Miss Sarah Chester-Beatty; Lady St. John of Bletso, who is bringing out the Misses Suzanne and Daphne Beazeley; three more of the débutantes were the Misses Mary Anne Berry, Gillian Grant and Bridget Brew. Miss Margot Corder, a charmer from South Africa, came with her brother; General Thomas Wilson and his son represented the U.S.; lovely Mrs. Edward Lambton, beautifully dressed as always, came from the Derby with her husband; Mr. Nicholas Throckmorton came from his work at the Central Office of Information; Sir Humphrey Clarke and Colonel and Mrs. Napoleon Brinckman were among the many others.

MAY 29.—Birch Shoot Soup; Salt fish cooked in May Butter garnished with grilled oysters; A Pie of Swan cooked in Malmsey; A Cockatrice; A subtlety of Sempryse; Gilt gingerbread; Fruit—and all eaten with daggers. This was the first Elizabethan meal of the second Elizabethan era and eaten by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Postgate and others at the Cumberland Hotel, where it was served by people in grand Tudor clothes.

Later historically, but also on an impressive scale, are the Brunswick Art Treasures, privately viewed that day at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Huge pieces of silver-plated furniture are among the amazements of the exhibition; the treasures, which are on the heavy side, are from the collections of H.R.H. Ernst August, Duke of Brunswick and Luneberg, who, through his Hanoverian ancestry, in common with our own Royal family, has many things that belonged to the early Georges.

JUNE 1.—From Picasso to Peeresses (the Ladies Leicester and Moray) more and more people are taking to ceramics, and on Whit-Sunday Mr. David Rawnsley, descendant of the famous Canon and a man of many talents, showed us the premises of the New Chelsea Pottery, with which he hopes to follow up the success of the Club des Ceramistes de Paris. The idea behind both is that members, amateur and professional, shall have facilities to make their own things, and he has taken over and is converting a huge old forge in Radnor Walk for the purpose.

(*Newly released*).—FAREWELL TO THE BLACK WATCH. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, photographed with officers of the 1st Battalion the Black Watch at Crail Camp, Fife, when she went to say good-bye to the regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, before it left for Korea.

MAY 28.—THE BATH AND WEST IN THE MIDLANDS. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester being shown round the Ministry of Agriculture stand at Nottingham at the extremely movable and long-established Bath and West Show, which crops up at big towns all over the country.

MAY 30.—AT THE OAKS. *Left:* Lady Elizabeth and Mr. Rory More O'Ferrall. *Centre:* Mrs. Robert Calvert and Colonel Henry Green. *Right:* the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall is a sister of Lord Listowel; the More O'Ferralls are well known on English and Irish racecourses.

JUNE 2.—WHIT-MONDAY AT GOODWOOD. *On the left* is Mr. Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal, with his fiancée, Miss Angela Dowding. *On the right*, doubtful about which way they were going, are Q. K. Braid's "Mackson," spinning round at the Paddock bend, while D. H. R. Gray's "Cooper" narrowly misses him.

JUNE 4.—THE SUNNY FOURTH OF JUNE. Youth is the theme on this famous annual day of cricket, boats, picnics, fireworks and ice-cream. Here are Miss Jane, Master Ian and Miss Fiona Pilkington.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JUNE 2.—Followed a big stream of cars all the way down to the International Motor Racing meeting at Goodwood, where there was plenty of excitement and some beautiful driving. Two minutes after the start of the first race for 500-cc. cars R. K. Tyrell went off the course at Paddock Bend, spun round and then carried on his way, to be followed very quickly by G. E. Thomas's Cooper which went even farther off the course and finished up in the cornfield. In the first race for cars in sports trim H. A. Mitchell's Frazer-Nash went off the course at Woodcote, ploughed through grass and corn and went down the straight with all sorts of vegetation trailing behind. Bob Gerard, in a 500-cc. Cooper, and young Mike Hawthorn, in his father's Cooper-Bristol, were very popular winners in their respective races. The weather kept fine all afternoon and we were therefore in good enough humour to play follow-my-leader along the main road back to London, having seen, among others, the newly-engaged Mr. Gerald Lascelles and his fiancée, Miss Angela Dowding; the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, and their sons, Lord March and Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox; Miss Sarah Gordon-Lennox, Mrs. M. Topham, Miss Molly Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. D. Glover, and, among motor-racing personalities, Mr. and Mrs. John Cobb, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. "Goldie" Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringham-Parker.

JUNE 4.—Four cheers for four bursts of fireworks ended a sunny Fourth of June; distinguished onlookers included Lord and Lady Limerick, old Etonian Mr. John Snagge, now famous for his pungent commentaries; Sir Laurence Olivier and, two among the many débutantes, the Misses Susan Senior and Marilyn Hartley. The usual exhibition of boys' art efforts showed a gladder and readier talent among the younger ones than their more disciplined elders, apart from an almost too-finished young flower draughtsman named Hobbs. Ceramics, creeping in here as everywhere else, were admired by many, including old Etonian Mr. Roderic Fenwick Owen, author, as Roderic Owen, of *Tedder*, which has had a fat Press, his mother and sisters—one of them, Mrs. Michael Harding, with her husband—also Miss Iris Mears, Miss Jane Gurney and Sir Westrow Hulse. Among picnickers were Mr. George and Miss Rosemary Norrie, children of the Governor-General of Australia.

JUNE 5.—Lord Simon's book of memoirs, *Retrospect*, was launched with an enormous party at beautiful Derby House, now Hutchinson House; he and Lady Simon were there and, among nearly a thousand others, Marie, Lady Willingdon, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Lord and Lady Birkenhead, Lord Maugham, Lady Apsley, Lord and Lady Gorell, Lord and Lady Radcliffe, lots and lots of authors—Miss Naomi Jacob in neat, small, pale suède shoes among them. Mr. Raymond

JUNE 4.—MORE OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION. *Left, l. to r.*, gaily fagging, are C. Clarke, N. P. V. Fleming and W. P. Colquhoun. Young Clarke is from California. *Right:* the "starlings" on the wall are waiting for the fun to begin, including the famous Eton "strawberry messes."

Glendenning was flying his well-known moustache in twin banners; the famous rooms, now shut up while the rest of the house is offices, looked splendid with stacks of hydrangeas against the walls; still others enjoying them were Sir David and Lady Maxwell Fyfe, Lord Vansittart, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Lord Simon's son, Mr. Gilbert Simon, with his wife, the Dowager Lady Townshend, Mr. Ernest Raymond, whose latest novel was published on the same day as his wife's first, and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Snow, another writing couple—she is Pamela Hansford-Johnson. Many of the famous pictures collected by the late Mr. Walter Hutchinson have been sold, but some remain, including two huge ones by Stubbs, one of them of a luridly self-satisfied lion with its prey.

JUNE 5.—On the Sovereign's official birthday honours are both given and received, and there is always a Birthday Review at H.M.S. *Ganges*, Shotley, in Suffolk. The first of the Queen's reign was as cheerful as always, and Vice-Admiral E. W. Anstice, Fifth Sea Lord, took the salute. Lord Stradbroke, the energetic Lord Lieut. of Suffolk, and Captain J. F. Whitfield, commanding officer of *Ganges*, were there too. Basking in the hot sun while they watched the parade were Lady Stradbroke and her younger married daughter, Lady Penelope Forbes. Among other Suffolk people looking on were Sir Robert and Lady Reid, Surg. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Crosbie, Lady Wake-Walker, Lord and Lady Ailwyn, Lord and Lady Belstead and their daughter, Miss Jill Ganzoni; Captain and Mrs. Terry, Captain Hill, Commander and Mrs. Phelp, and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Lightfoot.

JUNE 6.—The foxgloves in the woods were lit by fairy lights and floodlights until the sun rose to quench them on the night of Lord and Lady Cottenham's dance at Coolham for Lady Marye Pepys. The size of the big, red-brick house was increased by large marquees extending from the back of it, and in the garden there was laid an extra parquet dance floor, for which a pair of gipsy musicians played.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk brought a party, and many of the young ladies of the year were there, including Lady Carey Coke, Miss Virginia Estcourt, Miss Jennifer Kirwan, Miss Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Catherine Spencer, Miss Caroline Sale, Miss Bridget Brew and Miss Philippa Samuelson. The younger daughters of the house, the Ladies Davina and Gillian Pepys, were dancing busily although not grown-up yet, and at midnight their three-year-old brother, Lord Crowhurst, wearing green pyjamas and a fawn dressing-gown, was brought down by his Nannie.

On the same night there was a rather more grown-up party for Miss Tess d'Erlanger at Mereworth Castle, and in Suffolk nearly 200 people danced until bacon-and-egg time at Brettenham Park, Sir Edward and Lady Warner's lovely house. The ball was in aid of the Red Cross, and the Duchess of Grafton, President of the Suffolk Branch, brought a party; so did Sir Charles and Lady Rowley, Sir John and Lady Agnew, Colonel and Mrs. Torrey, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peel. The Warners' two daughters and son-in-law, Miss Daphne Warner and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boscawen, were there; staying in the house was Mr. David Erskine; bafflingly identical twins were the Misses Cecily and Clare Pearson-Rogers, escorted by Mr. Michael Bridge and Mr. Ben Hanburykelk; still others were Mr. Peter Strutt, Lord Belper's son; Miss Gay Fison, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Paul and Miss Jill Ganzoni, who brought a young party from Stoke Park.

JUNE 5.—CHAMPAGNE FOR THE WINDOW-BOX. The three girls supplying window dressing at Mr. Robert Buchanan-Michaelson's and Mr. David Patrick's cocktail party at the Albany are, *l. to r.*, Lady June Hay, Miss Caroline Kirkwood and Miss Belinda Young.

JUNE 6.—FILM PREMIÈRE. Among people at the première of *The Quiet Man* at the Plaza were, *l. to r.*, Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker, Private Secretary to the Duke of Edinburgh; Mrs. Hyde-Thompson, Mr. William Fairchild and Miss Isabel Dean.

JUNE 6.—BALL AT BLENHEIM PALACE. There was a ball at Blenheim in aid of the Olympics Equestrian Fund and the Marlborough family were there acting as hosts. *Left:* The Duke and the Duchess talk with a guest; *right*, their daughter, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill.

JUNE 6.—LATE HUNT BALL IN SUSSEX. The East Sussex Hunt Ball was at the Queen's Hotel, Hastings. *Left* is Miss Johnston-James enjoying the breakfast at 3 a.m.; *right*, Lord Burghley, Master of the East Sussex, with Lady Burghley.

JUNE 7.—AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE. The Proclamation date of the Queen's Coronation, June 2, 1953, was first read at St. James's Palace by Sir George Bellew, left of the microphone; next to him, the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JUNE 9.—There was a big crowd at the Savoy, mostly men, for the Greyhound Derby draw and lunch afterwards, given by the Greyhound Racing Association, of which Mr. Francis S. Gentle is chairman. Speeches followed the *poussins* and other delicious things to eat, and there were many distinguished guests, including Lord Carisbrooke, who was among the speakers; Sir Louis Greig, Prince Ferdinando d'Ardia Carracciolo, Lord Brabazon, Brig.-General A. C. Critchley, Brigadier R. O. Critchley, Major-General Sir Miles W. A. P. Graham and lots more.

In the evening the lovely Flower Ball at the Savoy both looked and smelled delicious; not only the prettiest from English gardens, now at their best, but beauties flown from all over the world, including several dozen roses from the president of the *Quinzaine de la Rose*, which was going on at the same time in Paris, and a "lei" of carnations flown from Hawaii and worn by Miss Venetia Lane, who was one of the many pretty débutantes selling sprays and buttonholes; also toys made by trainees at the St. Loyes College for the rehabilitation of the disabled at Exeter. The ball was in aid of this splendid cause, and Mrs. Robert Boscawen was chairman; the chairman of the College, Dame Georgiana Buller, enjoyed Hildegarde's cabaret turn, which included the sad but true song, "You Can't Have Everything." More of the débutantes were the Misses Caroline Kirkwood, Jill Howard, Molly Naylor, Carolyn Coke, Dagmar Wright, and, wearing cartwheel white flowers on each side of her face, Miss Wendy Macartney. Among the active committee members with parties were Mrs. Spencer Loch, Miss Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard, Mrs. Augustine Courtauld and Mrs. Beville Pain, secretary.

JUNE 10.—Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch was At Home at the Dorchester to discuss the Rose Ball, which is planned for July 8 at the Dorchester in aid of Residential Clubs for Elderly Gentlewomen.

Tickets are selling fast for the ball in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops at Park Lane House; the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Queen Mary are all patrons of this charity.

On July 10 there is to be an orchestral concert at the Royal Festival Hall in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The Lady Mayoress, Lady Boyce, is president of the concert committee and Lady Bird is chairman; Eileen Joyce is giving her services.

In our last issue we gave the name of the Mayor of Bath incorrectly; he is, in fact, Alderman A. W. S. Berry.

JUNE 7.—IN WILTSHIRE. Princess Margaret, with her Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Iris Peake, went by Land Rover to inspect the Scouts' and Guides' camp at Bowood Park, Wiltshire, where she was greeted by 8,000 girl guides and boy scouts. In the morning she inspected youth organisations at Devizes.

JUNE 9.—THE FLOWER BALL. *Right:* Mrs. Robert Boscawen, chairman of the Ball at the Savoy in aid of St. Loyes College Exeter. *Left*, Miss Venetia Lane.

Veronica Hamilton-Russell, the bridegroom's niece, who was one of the bridesmaids.

A garlanded bevy at the reception. The six little girl attendants were the Hon. Charlotte Ponsonby, Jane Stockley, Veronica Hamilton-Russell, Elizabeth Cayzer, Caroline Dalrymple and Lady Lucinda Mackay; the two pages, Robert Dalrymple and Jonathan Forbes; the grown-up bridesmaids, the Hon. Judith Browne, the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian, Miss Laura Ridley and Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune.

The Hon. Sally Ann Vivian, with her bridesmaid's bouquet of delphiniums, roses and lilies-of-the-valley, with Lord Hereford.

FROM WEDDING TO AEROPLANE

The Hon. Anthony Cayzer, younger son of Lord and Lady Rotherwick, and the Hon. Patricia Browne, elder daughter of Lord Oranmore and Browne and of the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, were married on June 11 at St. Margaret's, Westminster. There was a reception at 45, Park Lane, and afterwards the couple started for their honeymoon by aeroplane with the bridegroom as pilot.

The Hon. Robin Cayzer, brother of the bridegroom, with Mrs. Cayzer, the former Miss Sarah-Jane Slade, whom he married in April.

L. to r., the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland; and Mrs. Gerald Legge in splendid hat and pearls.

Good-bye from the cockpit as the couple set off for their honeymoon, the bridegroom at the controls.

L. to r., the Hon. Andrew Davidson, Miss Judy Birdwood, wardrobe mistress for 38 years; Mr. M. Burgess and Miss S. Grundy. Mr. Davidson wrote much of the book and music for *Tip and Run*.

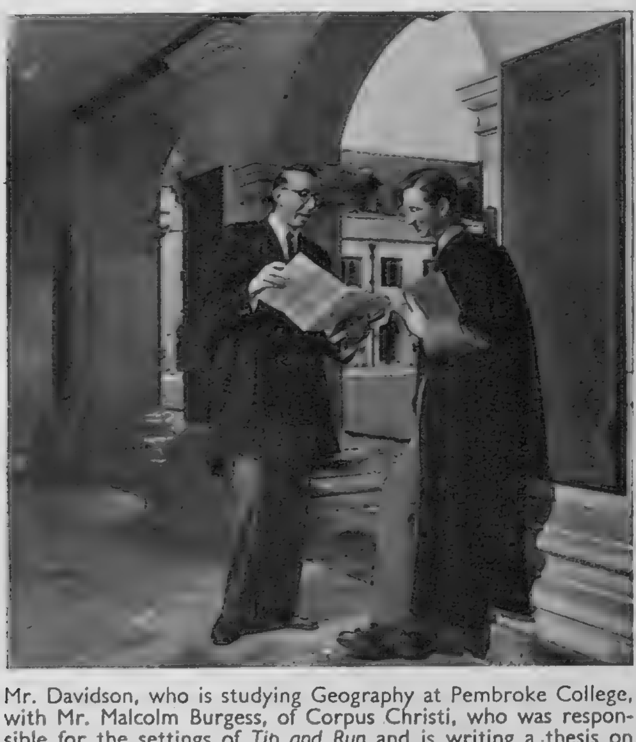
During the performance of the sketch called *Turn of the Century*, which is about the arrival of Bleriot in this country. The Footlights cast is all-male.

FOOTLIGHTS AT CAMBRIDGE

"Footlights" has acquired a special meaning at Cambridge: there is no need to add "Dramatic Club" because the yearly May Week production—which was suspended during the war—grows steadily more famous. This year the show, at the Cambridge Arts Theatre, was called *Tip and Run*. It ran to full houses for a fortnight from June 2, and the standard of writing and acting was as high as ever. Andrew Davidson, this year's Footlights president, devised and produced the revue, which was lightly flavoured with cricket—the two halves were called First Innings and Second Innings, and mad chaps in blazers were drawn jumping for joy on the cover of the programme.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

The clever young president with his parents, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson; she has just been made a D.B.E. in the Birthday Honours.



Mr. Davidson, who is studying Geography at Pembroke College, with Mr. Malcolm Burgess, of Corpus Christi, who was responsible for the settings of *Tip and Run* and is writing a thesis on the Russian theatre.

Mr. David Morgan Rees, secretary of the Footlights, was photographed in the wings after his last appearance as a Calypso singer.

Two honorary members of the Footlights: Mr. Donald Beves, Don of King's, and Mr. Leonard Thompson, taken during the interval.

Above: Mr. Peter Firth (*right*) and Mr. Robin Tuck are photographed with King's Chapel and the famous backs behind them. *Below:* they appear in a dressing-room shot, brooding over a little old wig between their appearances on the stage. Mr. Firth is junior treasurer of the Footlights and Mr. Tuck vice-president.

Above: With their costumes, outside the stage door, are Mr. Michael Young (*left*) and Mr. Kenneth Alexander, both of Trinity. *Below:* they are in Mr. Young's room with Raoul Dufy prints as pin-ups. Their respective studies are Theology and History; and Law and Science. Mr. Alexander is a son of Sir William Alexander.

Mr. Jimmy Edwards, one of the many old Footlighters now famous, helps Mr. Peter Stephens to adjust a version of the well-known moustache.

★ First Choice ★

AT THE THEATRE . .

TIMON OF ATHENS

(Old Vic)

THE late Herbert Farjeon, among the shrewdest of observers, once admonished his fellow-critics after an indifferent revival of *Timon*. Several notices had attacked the play itself. "Can it be," said Farjeon, "that they don't believe in reading a play before they see it? Well, they might do so now. There are several editions." I fear that *Timon* must always face the music of what another Shakespearean personage called "the tongs and the bones". It has never been a favourite piece, in spite of superb passages that are Shakespeare at his meridian. And its record in the theatre of this century has been discouraging. I remember one incredible London night, some years ago. In the course of it, a professor of English, who had compiled a kind of Shakespeare anthology, himself acted—very flatly—certain scenes from *Timon*, with Henry Ainley (of all people) standing at the side of the stage to read a linking narrative.

But we are at the Vic, and with Tyrone Guthrie's good revival. Guthrie sees the play as a satirical attack on the deceitfulness of riches and on materialism. It is enough, I think, to regard it as a fierce drive at ingratitude. Both Timon and Alcibiades experience the ingratitude of the Athenians. Timon becomes a blistering misanthrope. Alcibiades returns to cow the Senate. But the second half is largely the record of Timon's assorted curses, some of which should be inscribed upon asbestos. There is nothing in Shakespeare like this gale of burning words. André Morell, who often rides it finely at the Vic, is happier in the first half of the play; later (when he is rooting among the gold) he is hampered by having to rise every now and then from a kind of hole in the road, the Guthrie version of a cave.

When Timon is still the Athenian benefactor, Mr. Morell is cast perfectly. He has the manner for the generous patrician, expansive without affectation, and aided by a warm, full voice (to which I would set the colour cherry-red). Timon has to govern the play; the actor can bear his responsibility. Several people in the Vic cast help him well. I like, in particular, Peter Coke as Alcibiades. It is only an ill-defined sketch of a man, but Mr. Coke brings to it a nobility that we value. Observe, in the very last minutes, the treatment of the olive-branch phrase, "on faults forgiven," an effect that producer and player bring off memorably. For the rest, Leo McKern uses the bitter tongue of Apemantus; and there are useful minor performances by David Waller and that always-ready actor, John Phillips, whom I think of still as the modern-dress Timon at Birmingham.

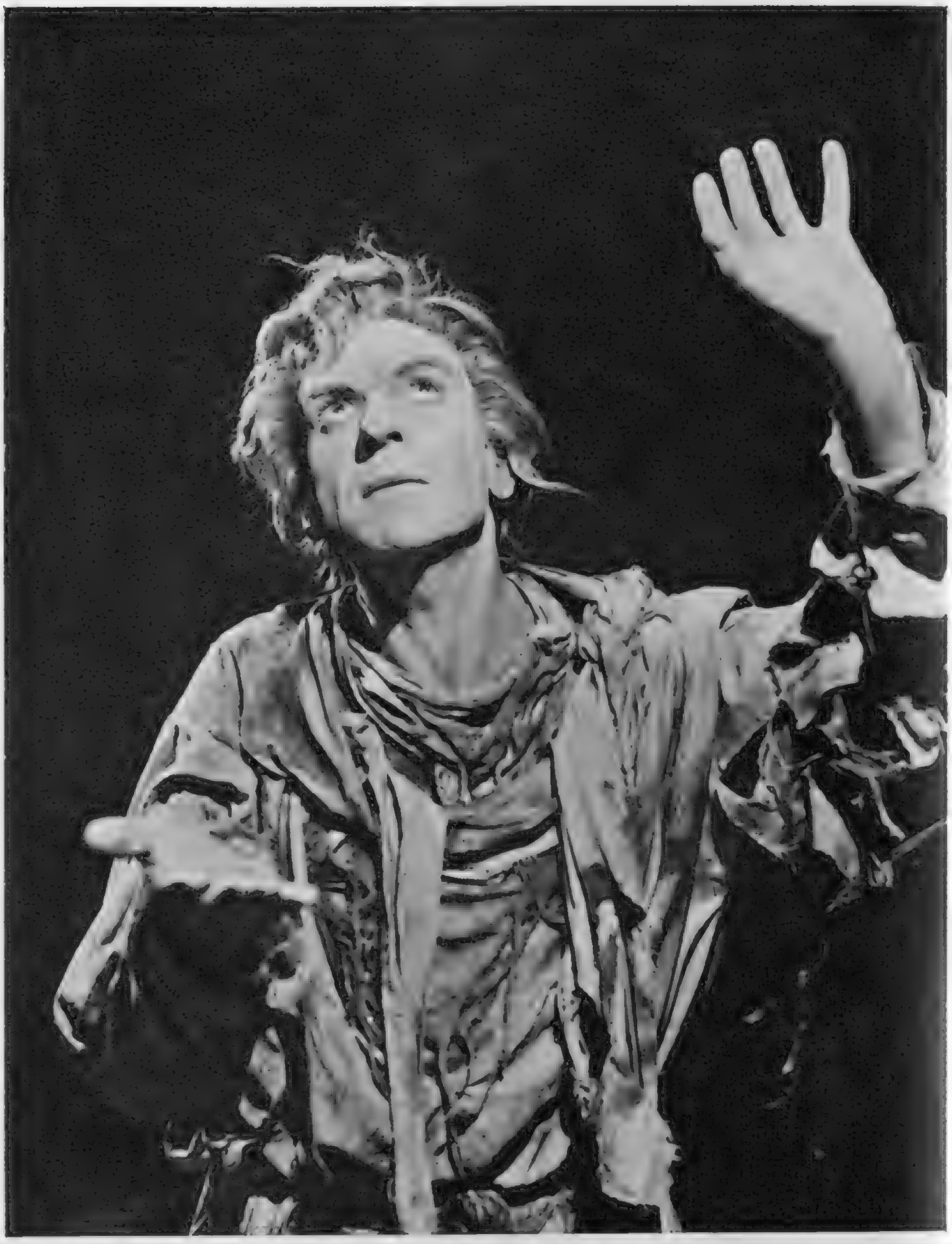
Guthrie presents the first half of the night in a gold blaze. His invention is as lively (some say as restless) as ever, though there is no need for the parasites to be such outrageous figures as they are after the banquet of smoke and lukewarm water: one man with a dish-cover clapped upon his head, another with his girdle fallen to his ankles. In the second half the treatment is plain and straightforward. Everyone will bring a personal memory from *Timon*. I think of two passages, the lines for Apemantus:

Will these moss'd trees
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?

and Timon's last superb:

Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beach'd verge of the salt flood,
Whom once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover . . . .

There, surely, is the supreme voice.



TIMON OF ATHENS. Above, André Morell as Timon at his most blustering and misanthropic stage. *Right,* Timon in his earlier days with Alcibiades, played by Peter Coke.

. . with J. C. TREWIN

★ Also Chosen ★

MEET MR. CALLAGHAN

(Garrick)

THANK you. I have met Mr. Callaghan, Peter Cheyney's Mr. Callaghan. I don't know whether we shall be meeting him again; but it will not grieve me deeply if this is hail-and-farewell. Although he has been brisk enough company for a night, I can imagine that, on a second visit, his gentle ways might pall. He is (for those still unfamiliar with him) a shady private detective with a dusty office in Chancery Lane. Scotland Yard watches him with suspicion; but "Slim" Callaghan is always one jump ahead of the official detectives. He is, in effect, Chicago-in-Chancery Lane, a tough little chain-smoking double-crosser with a gift for dodging out of the impossible situation. At heart he is a good fellow. Otherwise, in this play, he could not be permitted—but here I must be cautious: a surprise is planted in the last act, and I dare not uproot it before its time.

Gerald Verner, who has adapted the piece—called, sadly, "a comedy thriller"—from a Cheyney novel, *The Urgent Hangman*, has made a competent job of it. Clearly, he has enjoyed putting on the stage the Meraulton brothers, who must have been very odd small boys. You will form your own opinions of them in their maturity at the Garrick: they are presented loyally by Roger Williams, Jack Allen, Frank Henderson and John Longden. The brothers buzz about Chancery Lane because a body has been found in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is also a matter of a will, indeed of two wills. Both Slim Callaghan and Scotland Yard are on the trail, and the trail, mazily tangled, is littered with banknotes. I have never seen so many on the stage. Every ten minutes or so, somebody plucks out a wad and peels off a thousand. It reminded me of my favourite story of a Victorian stock actor in a West Country theatre. When he lost his lines, he would merely say loftily to anyone on the stage with him: "Take this purse of gold. Furnish thyself with richer habiliments and meet me at my lodging straight."

Terence de Marney, as Callaghan, is hard at work all night, crossing and double-crossing, knotting and unknotting, bullying and fencing. He is a sound actor in this brand of piece. Whether or not you like his "Slim" will depend upon your previous knowledge of the book. I hardly think there will be room for a second Callaghan play; but it has added to our education to have met the fellow once.

MEET MR. CALLAGHAN. Terence de Marney as Peter Cheyney's famous Slim Callaghan in the first of the Cheyney novels to be dramatised.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

(Arts Theatre Club)

IT is time, I think, for someone to write an essay on the voice of David Bird. In the past, in various plays, the voice has reminded me of a garden-roller plumping wet gravel, of a bar of nut-milk chocolate, of a glutinous treacle-tart. As Harold Brighouse's Salford bootmaker, the late-Victorian Hobson, Mr. Bird is at once plummy and gritty, husky and hearty. His voice aside, he is an actor of rich resource: his Hobson, defeated dictator (beaten by his "uppish" daughters), is one of the most likeable things in his Arts Theatre record. Brighouse's play remains honest salt-and-pepper comedy. Pauline Jameson, as Maggie Hobson, can manage the manager; and Donald Pleasence keeps Will Mossop—who could be a zany—under control. His first appearance exactly fulfils Brighouse's direction: "A lanky fellow, about thirty, not naturally stupid, but stunted mentally by a brutalised childhood. . . . He is the raw material of a charming man." All told, the production (Roy Rich's) does happy justice to a play the Arts was wise to restore.

A tender moment in the tough Callaghan play—Harriette Johns as Cynthia Meraulton and Jack Allen as Willie Meraulton.

Present and Future

WRITING about Shaw's amusing comedy, *The Millionairess*, a year or so ago, I said rashly: "It reached Bexhill-on-Sea in 1936, but by 1944 it had arrived only at Kew Bridge; it is unlikely to get further." These are bad times for a prophet (if happy ones for a collector). Tennents have now decided to bring the play to the West End, and every Shavian will be anxious to know how it will fare, with its distinguished cast, at the New Theatre. When it opens there on Friday, June 27, we shall meet Katharine Hepburn as Epifania Ognisanti di Parerga. Cyril Ritchard and Robert Helpmann have other leading parts, and Michael Benthall directs. *The Young Elizabeth*, now running at the New, will move to the Criterion.

STILL RUNNING

Sylvia Rayman's drama *Women of Twilight*, which had a shorter life at the Vaudeville than we had expected, will now re-open this evening (Wednesday) at the Victoria Palace for a twice-nightly season. Freda Jackson, Rene Ray, Lorraine Clewes and Miriam Karlin are in the four principal parts. Jack Hylton, who presents it, considers that the play has a vast potential audience that will welcome the lower prices at the Victoria Palace.

THE SCREW TURNS

The Innocents, which comes to Her Majesty's early in July, is William Archibald's adaptation of Henry James's chilling story, *The Turn of the Screw*. When it was done in New York, it won two awards for "the best direction of the year"; and Peter Glenville, who staged it there, will now direct the London production for Stephen Mitchell. Flora Robson appears as the governess of the two young children (acted by Jeremy Spencer and Carol Wolveridge), and the fourth personage is the housekeeper (Barbara Everest).

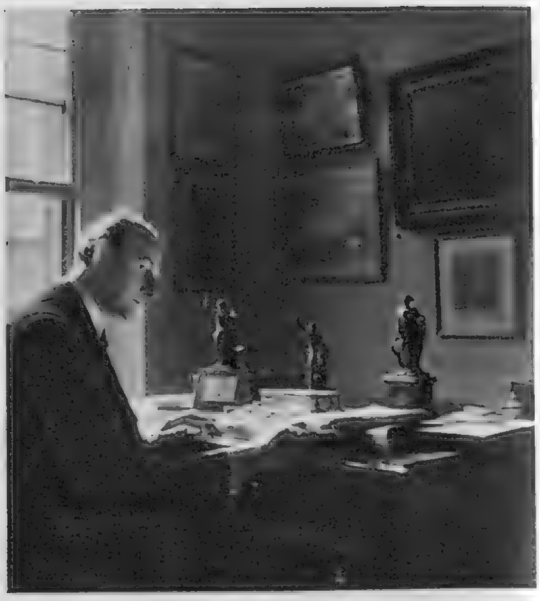
FOR THE AUTUMN

Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne and Griffith Jones will arrive at the Phœnix in Noël Coward's *Quadrille* during the week of September 8. Before then, the play is to go to Manchester (where it opens on July 15), Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool. Another autumn production, *Sweet Peril*, by Mary Orr (who won an award for her script of the film *All About Eve*) and her husband, Reginald Denham, is presented by the Daniel Mayer Company. The scene is Cornwall, which lately has been having some stage attention.

GETTING AROUND

The first play at the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square, which reopens next month, will be *The Bride of Denmark Hill*, a Ruskin study by Lawrence Williams and Nell O'Day. Desmond Davis produces it; and the cast will include Barbara Murray, Andrew Osborn, Dorothy Green, Ernest Jay, Clement McCallin and Ellen Pollock. . . . Hermione Baddeley, Heather Stannard and Austin Trevor are in Rodney Ackland's *The Pink Room*, produced by Frith Banbury, and due shortly at Hammersmith. . . . Nora Ratcliff's *The Net*, based on the Celtic legend of the seal-maiden, will be staged during July in the Minack Theatre upon the cliffs at Porthcurno, near Land's End. . . . The last production in the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival this season is Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, which opens there on July 15.

Mrs. Brinsley Ford and her elder son, Francis, with three Richard Wilson paintings above them. Most of the drawing-room furniture is covered in French eighteenth-century tapestry illustrating Æsop's Fables.



Mr. Brinsley Ford in his sitting-room—Italian bronzes on the writing-table.

At Home to

MR. AND MRS.

14, Wyndham Place is a quiet house near Br
with their three children, Marianne, Francis a
house were inherited by Mr. Ford and are par
the end of the eighteenth century. There w
Wilson, the great landscape painter, on whom
The Drawings of Richard Wilson. The present
countries, includes bronzes and other works of
Mrs. Ford is a daughter of the late Captain
just got back from a visit to Spain. Mr. Fo
celebrated *Handbook for Spain* ; he made a colle
only a few of these still remain in the family.

By "THE SKETCH" special photogra

L. to r., Francis, Augustine and Marianne Ford in their mother's sitting-room. On the *right* is an eighteenth-century sketch for a ceiling ; *left*, drawings by Augustus John.

Above the carved Flemish Madonna of about 1510 on the chest of drawers is a tiny picture, also of a Madonna ; portrait drawings by Ingres on each side ; more Wilsons and John's drawing of Brinsley Ford.

A pencil drawing of Mrs. Brinsley Ford by Augustus John.

The dining-room, with pictures by Pannini and other Italian painters and two Boulle cabinets with Majolica plates; Italian seventeenth-century bronzes on the heavy refectory table.

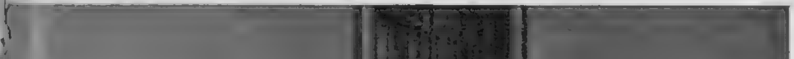
The Sketch"

RINSLEY FORD

...on Square where Mr. and Mrs. Ford live ...Augustine. Many of the pictures in the ...a collection made by an ancestor towards ...originally over sixty pictures by Richard ...insley Ford has lately published a book, ...lection, which covers many periods and ...t besides pictures.

...offrey Vyvyan; she and her husband have ...great-grandfather was the author of the ...n of paintings by the Spanish masters, but

...Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.



Marianne Ford, seen, through the drawing-room door, in the library. On the *left*, under a gouache painting by Toulouse-Lautrec, is an Italian seventeenth-century marble Madonna and Child.

Augustine in the library. To the *left* and *right* are part of a series of drawings representing the adventures of Punchinello by D. Tiepolo; the higher of the two in the middle is by G. B. Tiepolo.

OUR BOOKSHELF

PHŒNIX RISING. By Marguerite Steen. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)
A TOUCH OF THE SUN. By William Sansom. (*The Hogarth Press ; 12s. 6d.*)
MY INDIA. By Jim Corbett. (*Oxford University Press ; 10s. 6d.*)
MY OWN UNAIDED WORK. By Hermione Gingold. (*Werner Laurie ; 7s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

WITH a much shorter novel than its predecessors, in *Phœnix Rising* Miss Marguerite Steen has completed her chronicles of the Bristol family of Flood. It is an epilogue worthy of a story which, take it for all in all, has been one of the most lively and satisfying published in the last two decades. Seen in perspective the trilogy is high-powered, best-selling fiction; but it is something more than that, for it has a passionate sincerity of purpose and a sense of reality only heightened by its fidelity to period. It cannot be dismissed as mere history made intimate by the introduction of fustian characters to stalk through other centuries. This last novel in the series is set in the years between the two world wars, years which are already being treated as a historical period by contemporary novelists. The Flood Line has been absorbed by a Liverpool firm and become the Purcell-Flood Line, with directors who care little for the family tradition. There remains the young woman Aldebaran Flood. Her love for Orlando Sax, the descendant of her family's traditional enemies, and his love for her is the most insistent theme in the book, but only because with it is skilfully bound up the story of her heritage—material and spiritual. She is a fighter and has ideals and ideas almost incomprehensible to some of the solid citizens about her, and these in the end triumphantly send the family forward into a future as unpredictable as England's, but potentially as great. The story has as background some of the London which vanished with the blitz, but more of the Southern States of America and in it we meet again Polly Bowling, the delightful old music-hall star whose vigorous dialogue and robust good nature make the moderns seem subdued and pale. No reader of *The Sun is My Undoing* or *Twilight on the Floods* need fear to be disappointed by this.

A NEW collection of short stories by Mr. William Sansom, *A Touch of the Sun*, will also fulfil the hopes of readers who have followed this writer's impressive progress. His gifts grow under discipline. The rich and fanciful vein which threatened to become something merely bizarre has strengthened into a strong and characteristic sense of drama and there is more shape and purpose in his writing as he becomes more prolific. To reduce the theme of any of his stories to a mere plot is both absurd and unjust, yet it is remarkable that he gains his effects with so light a framework. There is a story called "Murder," for instance, which does no more than describe a man's imaginings during the few minutes in which a chimney-sweep, a stranger to the household, is in the next room with his wife. The man's work with his brushes becomes inaudible to Neal. Is the sweep making love to Elsa? Will he then kill her? Sever her head with his scoop? Stuff it up the chimney? Of course not. Yet Neal has to leave the task on which he is employed to go in to the next room. He finds "a waxwork scene." All is perfectly normal—the sweep is engaged in his work, Elsa pulling a book from the shelf. He stands "foolishly, his one hand still on the door-handle, his other collapsed slackly to his side." Nothing, he says to himself, nothing. Trivial? Yet into that fantastic little hypothesis of Neal's, Mr. Sansom contrives to put terror, doubt, love, imagination, and into its sequel a mighty relief at the re-establishment of the commonplace. He is a writer who must be watched and listened to and followed closely, but the rewards he offers are generous.

IN his new book, *My India*, Colonel Jim Corbett is not ashamed to reveal himself as a sentimentalist. He proclaims his love for the people often described as "India's starving millions," in his dedication, and then sets the boundaries for the experiences he is about to describe. "Run your eye down the Ganges River on its way to the sea, past Allahabad, Benares and Patna, till you reach Mokameh Ghat, where I laboured for twenty-one years. The scenes of my sketches centre round these two points in India: Naina Tal and Mokameh Ghat." The sketches which follow show a strange mixture of understanding, sympathy, affection, with the old, ineradicable attitude of the sahib, not quite patronising but as of one apart, of a white man seeking to do justice to his quaint Indian friends, a foreigner interested in the oddities of their lives and characters. In "Kunwar Singh," for instance, he gives a factual and quite credible account of how he saved a village headman's life when it was threatened by the superstitions of his own people; in "Mothi" he describes a death from tuberculosis and lack of stamina. There is a good deal about child marriages, and we find the "law of the jungle" cropping up again in an almost Kiplingesque guise for, says Colonel Corbett: "Had the Creator made the same law for man as He has made for the jungle folk, there would be no wars, for the strong in man would have the same consideration for the weak as is the established law of the jungles." He remembers his own work for the people: "All who were sick or sorry, in want of a helping hand, or in need of a little human companionship and a cup of tea, whether living on the cultivated land or working in the forest or just passing on their way from one place to another, found their way to our cottage. Had a record been maintained over the years of only the sick and injured treated, it would have had thousands of names in it." It is all rather fond and fanciful, as typified by the author's description of a tiger as "a large-hearted gentleman."

PERHAPS *My Own Unaided Work*, Miss Hermione Gingold's collection of bits and pieces of writing should not be reviewed as a book at all, but should be described in an article on new gifts in the shops or merely photographed to appear with its caricature on the front of the wrapper and its picture of the author as Hamlet on the back. Impossible to treat this medley of chatty malice and grasshopper wit as one treats stuffy books of confessions from stars of the stage and screen, with their solemn references to Bernard Shaw and reverent descriptions of Barrie at a rehearsal. Miss Gingold is not reverent about anyone or anything, least of all herself. "It is not generally known, I think, that Hermione Baddeley is my mother," she opens. "Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a constant visitor to my grandmother's house in London. He not only read her several of his splendid poems but he also gave her an extremely jolly Indian scarf with which she afterwards hanged herself." In fact, the only way to review this book is to quote from it. If this small anecdote, obviously strictly true in every detail, does not make readers want more, there is something unhappy about their sense of humour, I think: "How gay it was in Buda that spring! I remember motoring miles over the Tundra with Godfrey Winn, and while stopping at the local inn to drink a glass of Barack we found a dance in progress in the farmyard behind the house. I remember Godfrey leading me on to the much-rutted mud floor, and as the music and the Czardas got wilder and wilder we danced a foxtrot for all the world as if we were at an English hunt ball; and I remember laughing at Godfrey, who would say, 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' when we bumped into some particularly wild gipsy, who would stare at us in astonishment and fire his gun in the air, and as he (Godfrey, I mean) led me towards the pigsty fence saying, 'Shall we sit this one out?'

"'Darling,' I laughed, 'do stop behaving as if we were at the Berkeley.'

"'All right, I will,' he said, gaily pushing me over into the pigsty.

"'Now you can say you've seen me making a pig of myself,' I giggled, and as I threw a bucket of pigswill over him I wondered what our fans would have thought if they could have seen us behaving like silly children."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BARS AND BARRICADES.
By Donald McI. Johnson. (*Christopher Johnson ; 16s.*)

This is the second part of the author's autobiography, the first part of which was published as *A Doctor Regrets* ——. A doctor gives up his practice, buys a hotel and enters politics . . . and we discover in this book what happens in the process together with some worthwhile comment on things in general.

JOURNEY IN THE SUN.
By Dane Chandos. (*Michael Joseph ; 15s.*)

The record of a journey through Spain to deal with several legacies in the will of an Edwardian uncle who had settled out there, remained there throughout the Civil War, and who left the remains of his fortune to the author. Certainly not the usual kind of travel book.

AUNT CLARA.
By Noel Streatfield. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

Aunt Clara is one of those people one takes for granted. She is suddenly thrown into a world of greyhound racing, circuses and dubious house property and she manages to emerge with her innocence undamaged and her will unbent by either Fate or her fellow-men.

MEET ME AT THE SAVOY
By Jean Nicol. (*Museum Press ; 17s. 6d.*)

A record of life, love and laughter at a big hotel which draws personalities from all walks of life, the world over.

SURE TRICKS.
By George S. Coffin. (*Faber and Faber ; 12s. 6d.*)

For bridge players young and old in the game here is a set of problems which permits readers to play hands against infallible opponents. Full solutions are at the back of the book.

THE SUNDOWNERS.
By Jon Cleary. (*Werner Laurie ; 13s. 6d.*)

The story of the Carmodys, a wandering family in New South Wales and the people they meet. Some good descriptions of the bushfire, the drought, the shearing season and the country race-meeting.

GREAT ORMOND STREET.
By Thomas Higgins. (*Published for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, by Odhams Press ; 7s. 6d.*)

This account of the famous Children's Hospital has been written by the present Senior Surgeon and commemorates the hospital's centenary this year. A very moving document on 100 years of great work.

THE COUNTY BOOKS—DURHAM.
By Sir Timothy Eden. (*Robert Hale ; in two vols. ; 18s. each.*)

A comprehensive account by the Foreign Secretary's elder brother of the development of the county from its early days until the discovery of the coal-seams transformed it from being a mediæval backwater.

RUFF'S GUIDE TO THE TURF 1952.
(*Published by "The Sporting Life" ; 40s.*)

The complete vade-mecum for all those who follow the sport of kings.

Photographed by Bassano.

MISS JENNIFER KIRWAN, for whom her mother, with Mrs. James Durran, has just given a dance at 41, Glebe Place. Miss Kirwan's father is Director and Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.

MISS CAROLINE KIRKWOOD, whose dance is to be on June 24 at 24, Chapel Street, is the daughter of the Hon. R. L. M. Kirkwood, a member of the Legislative Council in Jamaica, and Mrs. Kirkwood.

FOUR DÉBUTANTES—FOUR DANCES

Parties are now in spate and the girls need all their youth and strength to keep going night after night. Here are four of the many lucky ones with dances of their own.

MISS TESS D'ERLANGER, whose dance was at beautiful Mereworth Castle, in Kent, was photographed at her home in Upper Grosvenor Street. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger.

MISS ROSEMARY PARKER, whose mother is giving a dance with the Countess of Listowel and the Hon. Mrs. Morogh Bernard on July 10, at the Dorchester. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Parker.

1. Algernon Moncrieff (*right*) probes the secret of Jack Worthing's mysterious country retreat and the fact that it contains a pretty ward named Cecily Cardew, and determines to meet Cecily.

2. Algernon receives his aunt, Lady Bracknell, and her daughter, Gwendoline Fairfax, at a tea-party at which he has bargained to arrange for Jack Worthing to propose to Gwendoline.

5. Jack, anxious to remove any obstacle in the path of his romance, waits upon Canon Chasuble to make an appointment to be baptised Ernest. He does not know if he has ever been christened.

6. Meanwhile, Gwendoline has arrived at her fiancé's country home, and the two girls, with Merriman as a silent referee, indulge in some cut-and-thrust on their apparent engagement to the same man.

9. Having discovered that Cecily has a large fortune, Lady Bracknell decides that his marriage to Cecily is after all desirable, but is for once in her life silenced by Jack's refusal to allow his ward's marriage.

"THE IMPORTANC

The most brilliant of Oscar Wilde's comedies, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, has been triumphantly translated to the screen by Anthony Asquith, whose Technicolor film of this title has its première at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Thursday next week (June 26).

For those to whom the play is unknown, the story concerns the separate romances of two eligible bachelors, Mr. Jack Worthing, played by Michael Redgrave, and Mr. Algernon Moncrieff, played by Michael Denison. Jack is in love with Miss Gwendoline Fairfax (Joan Greenwood); Algernon with Miss Cecily Cardew (Dorothy Tutin), who is Jack's ward. Both the ladies are unable to bestow their affections on any man whose name is not Ernest, and as

3. Algernon having enticed Lady Bracknell into an adjoining room, Jack lays his heart at the feet of Gwendoline, who assures him she has always longed to marry a man named Ernest.

4. Algernon having hurried to his friend's country home in the guise of the imaginary Ernest, and having wooed and won Cecily, is horrified at the return of Jack in heavy mourning for this same Ernest's imaginary death.

7. Jack and Algernon having succeeded in untangling the web which they have woven in their practise to deceive, are happily reunited with the two girls, with wedding bells hovering in the air.

8. The wedding bells are promptly silenced by the arrival of Lady Bracknell, who proceeds to forbid her daughter's marriage on the grounds of Jack's unknown parentage, and vetoes Algernon's proposal also to be baptised Ernest.

10. But the discovery of Miss Prism's identity leads to her identifying the bag in which Jack was mislaid on Victoria Station, establishes his parentage, and results in the resumption of wedding bells all round.

F BEING EARNEST"

Jack when in town masquerades as his imaginary brother Ernest and Algernon pretends to be this same non-existent brother, considerable trouble lies in store for them when Gwendoline and Cecily find them out.

The complications are made no easier by the dragon-like Lady Bracknell (Dame Edith Evans), who has a habit of forbidding everything on principle; nor by the unfortunate absentmindedness of Miss Prism (Margaret Rutherford) in leaving a baby lying about in a gladstone bag at Victoria Station.

Other players in a most admirably-cast version of the comedy include Miles Malleson as Canon Chasuble, and Aubrey Mather as the butler Merriman.

CHARITY GOLF MATCH AT PURLEY DOWNS CLUB

All eyes follow the ball as W. J. Cox plays off the first tee. The Exhibition match (mentioned in article below) was to celebrate the reopening of the full 18-hole course now that three of the holes, requisitioned during the war, are once again in play.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

by Louis T. Stanley

The Wimbledon Championships

EVERY year thousands of spectators pack the lawns of Wimbledon. For a fortnight they watch the world's greatest lawn tennis players in action. Judging by the list of acceptances, the quality of this year's entry is just as high, but I wonder how many spectators will improve their game from what they see. More to the point, I wonder how many will know what to look for. The main interest will undoubtedly be Maureen Connolly, the seventeen-year-old American champion. Not far behind will come such players as Dick Savitt, Frank Sedgman, Jaroslav Drobny, Victor Seixas, Ken McGregor, Doris Hart, Shirley Fry, Louise Brough, Pat Todd, Jean Rinkel, and so on. To watch such players is to see the full range of tennis expression, yet few spectators take advantage of the lessons that can be learnt.

I know it is difficult to concentrate on details of style during an exciting match, but interest is heightened if you analyse the basic fundamentals of the player's stroke production. Take Maureen Connolly as an example. When you see her for the first time, don't bother about the scoreboard or the state of the match. The odds are that she will win. Concentrate instead on the way she goes about playing the shots. First of all, note how intently she watches the ball. You never catch her with head up as the swing develops, nor is there any hint of that commonest of mistakes, trying to pin-point the spot where the ball is going to be hit. Maureen Connolly watches the ball from start to finish—before, during and after the stroke. Next, study her footwork. The weight goes forward fluently into the shot. Only rarely does she over-run the ball with the inevitable cramped swing as a result. "Little Mo's" control of footwork and body placement are exceptionally sound.

Another feature common to all first-class players is the apparent ease of positioning for a shot. Very rarely do you see a player like Frank Sedgman or Doris Hart looking hurried or flurried in their shot-making. There is none of the top-speed rushing and clumsy racket-work so frequently seen in club tennis. The secret lies in perfect co-ordination of footwork, timing and anticipation. The range of artistry is seen at its fullest during the Wimbledon Championships. Occasionally a player who specialises in a strong service and an agile net game makes the grade, but generally speaking these hit-and-run individuals make an early exit. Savitt won last year, but I am not particularly impressed with his game, nor am I convinced that his temperament will stand the strain imposed on a defending title-holder. Sedgman is playing well within his powers, but for confirmation that net attack and a powerful service form only part of an all-court game, I prefer Victor Seixas, an American who draws upon the complete armoury of ground shots in brilliant fashion.

Watching Cricket

THE summer has scarcely got into its stride, yet I have watched the University cricket season come to a close at Fenner's. It has been all too short, for the joy of watching cricket on this ground is almost without rival. Originally F. P. Fender boasted that "you may put a stump where you will, measure 22 yards and play a game on any part of the ground." That was over a hundred years ago. To-day Fenner's ranks high, the only criticism being that the wicket is the "feather-bed" variety and breaks any bowler's heart. A couple of seasons ago the plaint was more than justified. Against the West Indies 1324 runs were scored for the loss of seven wickets. John Dewes and Hubert Doggart made 343 for the first wicket. The West Indies replied to the Cambridge 594 for 4 declared with 730 for 3. It is also true that the ground has seen a tremendous number of drawn games. This season, out of nine matches, eight have been drawn. Still, these harsh breaking-in tactics on an Australian-type wicket have produced a crop of forty-nine Test cricketers. This year, top-dressing was applied three months earlier than usual in the hope that the bowlers would be given greater help. I asked Cuan McCarthy, who, next to Lindwall, is probably the fastest bowler in the world, how he found the pitch. He admitted that it gave little help, but added that it had made him improve his direction. In that sense he was more accurate than in last season's Tests, words that will be tested when the University go on tour.

Looking back on the Fenner's season, I shall remember the exciting finishes against Leicestershire, Essex and Middlesex; the brilliant batting of Sheppard and May; Marlar's hat-trick; Alexander's wicket-keeping; and a dinner-party after the University's solitary victory against the Free Foresters, when five of us—three being former England captains: R. W. V. Robins, F. G. Mann and G. O. Allen—swopped cricketing yarns for several hours. I have come to the conclusion that Test cricket has its lighter moments.

Harlem Comes to Town

NEVER let it be said that basketball is only a schoolgirls' game. As Cambridge President I went to the Empire Pool at Wembley to watch the inter-'Varsity match against Oxford, expecting a handful of spectators, something like a club match at Twickenham, with rows and rows of empty seats. To my surprise, the house was sold out. The vast arena was packed to capacity. The University match—merely the hors d'œuvre before the main dish—was closer than I anticipated. The American side that wore Dark Blue jerseys just got home against their more

TO MARK THE REOPENING OF THE FULL COURSE

Amid an atmosphere of deep concentration despite the rain, J. Wallace makes a putt. Proceeds of the match were for the Reedham Orphanage.

It was not long before even the players succumbed to putting up their umbrellas. They are, *l. to r.*, J. Wallace, who played with W. J. Cox, and M. Daragon, partnering R. Burton.

inexperienced opponents. The stage was thus clear for the match of the evening between the Harlem Globetrotters and New York Celtics. Never have I seen such a massive-sized team as these coloured Americans. Although I top the 6-ft. mark, I felt dwarfed alongside Lee Garner from Mississippi. The short, rotund figure of their coach, Abe Saperstein, helped to restore my confidence. He invited me to share their team-bench. What I learnt about the Globetrotters was interesting. They played 340 matches last season and were only beaten six times. Gate receipts topped the 2,500,000-dollar mark. Spectators totalled more than 25,000,000; whilst at the Berlin Olympic Stadium more than 75,000 turned up. Players are paid on the same scale, some individual salaries touching 2500 dollars a month. That sounds a lot of money in any language, but I will say that spectators had full value for their expenditure. The brilliance of their ball control baffles description. "Goose" Tatum, with his extraordinary reach of 84 ins., "Rookie" Brown, who played the lead in the Globetrotters film; one-armed Boid Buie; "Babe" Pressley and several others are in a class of their own. After their display, University basketball seemed like high-school stuff . . . still, we all have to begin some time.

Golf in the Rain

PURLEY Downs marked the reopening of their full 18-hole course with an interesting exhibition match between Richard Burton, the 1939 Open Champion; W. J. Cox, the Ryder Cup player; M. Daragon, of Addington Palace; and James Wallace, the home professional. Unfortunately the weather was unkind. Incessant rain somewhat damped the proceedings, but, even so, the attendance was exceptionally good. Purley Downs is perhaps not so well known as it ought to be. The golf is most enjoyable, with pleasantly undulating fairways of springy turf set against a delightfully wooded setting. The course was partly requisitioned, but when the war ended James Braid was invited to redesign the three affected holes. This must have been one of the last jobs carried out by the G.O.M. of golf, and he executed it in his usual competent fashion. Normally when a quartet of professionals are let loose on an inland course, measuring in this case about 6360 yards, phenomenally low cards are expected. This time the "fireworks" were subdued, though Bill Cox sank a saucy two at the 370-yards 9th. The club professional, James Wallace, played several forthright shots. Golfers will recall that Wallace figured in the final of the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in 1934. Although reeling off useful figures, Wallace was crushed to the tune of 14 and 13 by Lawson Little, the powerful American producing some of the most brilliant golf ever seen in the long history of this event. I was interested to learn that Wallace has never played on Prestwick since.

Faith, Hope, or Charity?

THE Turpin-Cockell fight now belongs to the record-book. It is always tempting to be wise after the event, but my only surprise was that Cockell should be allowed to last until the eleventh round. I was much more interested in the Wilding-Wilson bout. A few months ago I spent an evening in the company of Ray Wilding and Bill Daly, his American manager, who handled the fistic life of Lee Savold. Daly was more than optimistic about the future of his "discovery." Now Daly is a shrewd judge of boxing flesh, but this time he seems to have slipped up. Wilding has the frame and physique of a heavyweight champion, but lacks aggressive initiative. He may yet make the grade. His American record looks healthy enough. I can only say that every time I've seen him in action in an English ring, the verdict has been uninspiring. At the moment we have only one British heavyweight, Johnny Williams, in circulation. Unless the market improves, we may yet see Jack Doyle helped into the ring again for a few minutes.

The "Tunnel" hole, so called because of its long, narrow approach between high banks on either side, is the eighth on this very attractive course with its springy downland turf.

At the ninth, W. J. Cox holed a remarkable chip shot from a distance of about 130 yards, scoring only two for that hole, bogey for which is four. Here he removes his ball from the tin.

Photographed by H. W. Neale.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

by Cyril Butcher

These T.V. "Toppers," lavishly flowered and hatted, were bridesmaids at the wedding of Gillian Creighton-Blair, another member of the company, when she married the show's producer, Richard Afton, at Brompton Oratory. They are, *l. to r.*, Ginger Stuart, Wynne Gray, Maime Whitaker, Anne Banbury, Pat Denny and Valerie Trevor.

WE rather avoid than frequent film premières. To fight one's way to the theatre through the gawking crowd and then to one's seat through the sharp-elbowed élite thronging the foyer, in order to wait patiently for the late start of one of those products of a past age, the talking picture, is not our idea of an evening well spent! But we 're glad we went to one recently, for it provided an interesting sidelight on the new times.

Before going into the theatre, we loitered for a time among the gawkers, and what we saw gave food for thought. It seemed on this occasion that among the invited V.I.P.s—usually recruited from society, the theatre and the cinema—there were an exceptional number of television celebrities. While not making a list at the time, we remember McDonald Hobley, Eamonn Andrews, Mary Malcolm and Ronnie Waldman.

As each of these—and others—arrived, a teenage girl beside us nearly burst with excitement and proceeded to enter into a lively and shatteringly frank discussion of the personality in question, with her companions. Others were similarly occupied, and the street rang with the Christian names of each new arrival—which, of course, is in the best television tradition.

It is hardly news that the new medium has recruited its own fans. But what did surprise us was that the *entrées* of the television celebrities caused more stir than those of most of the stage and film stars. It surprised us and made us think. We hope it had the same effect on others—because the object-lesson is that television has now grown up. It must be taken very seriously by both others and itself, for it has come to equal stature beside other forms of entertainment. Its mistakes can no longer be indulgently shrugged off with some remark about television still being in its infancy. And television stars must now realise that they *are* stars and accept the responsibility of being in such a fiercely critical limelight. Unfortunately, their present financial rewards do not permit them to play the part properly, with the accepted trimmings of Rolls-Royces, swimming-pools, sable coats and so forth; but, please, let us urge them to realise that never for a moment, while they are abroad, can they consider themselves off-duty.

A singularly dreary Whit-Sunday was made a day to remember by three brilliant performances in Gordon Sherry's *Black Limelight*. They came from Margaret Rawlings, John Robinson and Jack Allen. Our only criticism is that this well-known thriller, being originally a stage-play, clung to the one-set formula which is rapidly becoming outmoded for television. Consequently, producer Dennis Vance had a limited scope for ingenuity, but his camera handling was a model of slickness.

It is a pity that Whit-Monday was not similarly enlivened.

The Shaw cycle, *Back to Methuselah*, ended gloriously—but only in the last few minutes, when Frances Rowe as Lilith produced a moment of sheer declamatory art. Earlier in this last episode there had been times when the whole thing came dangerously near to being farcical. This was no fault of the fine cast of actors or of Harold Clayton who, throughout, had tackled his mammoth task with skill, courage and imagination. It just proved that this rambling play is unactable, and should be read, not performed.

Eulogising Robert Beattie's performances on television is apt to become automatic, but it would be unfair not to add one more laurel to his wreath for his playing in James Parish's short play, *One White Rose*.

Prior to this we had been treated to a special version of the spectacular *Ranch in the Rockies* at the Empress Hall. It was so spectacular that the camera could never catch up with more than half of what was happening on the two stages, one of them being ice. It was all a little too much, though we enjoyed the fooling of Jon Pertwee and the skating of Alice Farrar and Jimmy Carter.

A word of encouragement to George R. Foa for his charming experiment of bringing a touch of the Commedia dell' Arte to television. His masque, *Harlequin in Venice*, was a near triumph and only fell down because he did not succeed in blending those unmixable qualities: realism and stylisation. Still, it was a treat to hear the music of the Scarlattis, Pasielo and Pergolesi, sung exquisitely by Diane Dubarry and played charmingly on the harpsichord by Joyce Bell.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

IT looks like being a pretty good fortnight with something for everyone:

To-night (June 18) there is one for the ladies, for the B.B.C. have made a special film covering the highlights of the London Fashion Fortnight, which began on June 4.

For the play enthusiast there is a new Saturday-night serial starting on June 21. It is John Buchan's adventure story, *The Three Hostages*, which will be televised in six parts. The adaptation is by *The Sketch's* own C. A. Lejeune, and in the cast are Patrick Barr, John Byron (playing the villain this time) and John Laurie. Producer: Ian Atkins; director: Julian Amyes.

Then the following week the Sunday-Thursday play is *Ann Veronica*, by Ronald Gow, based on the H. G. Wells novel. In the cast, at the time of writing, Robert Harris, Robert Eddison, Cicely Paget-Bowman, William Mervyn and Henry Hewitt. Margaret Lockwood is starring in the name part. Production by Campbell Logan.

A third play is *Nine Till Six*, the well-known comedy by Aimee and Philip Stuart, which will be produced by Ian Atkins and directed by Tatiana Lieven, next Tuesday, June 24. Marie Ney will be seen in the lead, with June Rodney and Ann Summers playing other important parts.

For the sporting there is a grand selection of O.B.s, with Wimbledon at the head of the list, from June 23 to July 5. The times vary, but there will be three separate broadcasts each weekday in the afternoon and early evening. If those times are too early, a thirteen-minute film of the day's play will be shown later.

Royal Ascot will be shown on the screen until Friday, June 20, with a positive battalion of commentators keeping you in touch.

Then you can see the A.A.A. Championships from the White City on June 20 and 21, the second Test Match from Lord's from June 19 to 24, and the Daks £2000 International Golf Tournament on June 26 and 27.

For the Documentary fans there is the fourth in *The Rising Twenties* series called *First Job*, showing how boys take the first steps towards earning their living. The script is by Ted Willis (of *Blue Lamp* fame), and the production, as before, by Caryl Doncaster—next Friday, June 20.

For the mildly musical, Christian Simpson will be handling Monia Liter in a solo spot on June 20, and George Foa will be presenting Marguerite Piazza in a selection of her repertoire, which ranges from blues to opera, on June 22.

Presumably for the lower-browed the B.B.C. are cooking up a series of six programmes, beginning on June 25, designed around a comparative newcomer to television: George Martin. The title, of staggering originality, is *The George Martin Show*. Production by Gordon Crier.

Lastly, for the balletomane, there is John Cranko's fabulous ballet, *Pineapple Poll*, with Sullivan music amusingly reorganised by Charles Mackerras. Two of the most potentially exciting dancers in this country, Elaine Fifield and David Blair, dance the rôles they created at Sadler's Wells. Philip Bate is in charge of the television presentation. The date is June 26.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

LADY KATHARINE CAIRNS : For brilliant and courageous captaincy in bringing the Curtis Cup to Britain.

Lady Katharine, although she couldn't play because of an operation earlier in the year, popped up all over the course on June 7, giving the right advice to her team of English women golfers, who defeated the American women at Muirfield to bring the Curtis Cup to this country for the first time. Earlier she had confounded the critics by leaving the British and English champions out of the foursomes ! Here she is seen receiving the hard-won trophy.

MISS PATRICIA OWENS : For combining her own film pre-view with a film première.

When Miss Owens arrived at the Plaza Theatre recently for the première of *The Quiet Man*, she wore this striking, white sharkskin gown, the skirt of which bore photographs of herself as she will appear in a new film as a South Sea Island lovely. Quite a startling difference between the soignée and the primitive Patricia.

MR. R. WINFIELD : For commencing and maintaining a regular pavilion-trot.

Six wickets in an over was the splendid achievement of Ron Winfield, fast bowler for the Beeston Boiler Company's eleven in their match against Nottingham City Transport—and he caught their last man off the first ball of the next over !

MR. GUY COTÉ : For having his amateur film chosen to represent Britain at Venice.

Mr. Coté's ballet film, *Between Two Worlds*, is the only amateur film chosen to represent Great Britain at the Venice Film Festival. Mr. Coté is an undergraduate at St. John's College, Oxford.

THE PENGUINS of Edinburgh : For their dour determination not to be outdone by any experts at marching—either civil or military.

The Blair Atholl girls from New Zealand (see last issue, June 4, page 543) are marching their way to fame, but they have nothing on these penguins at the Edinburgh Zoo, who laid on an impromptu rival exhibition.

Queen Elizabeth the First (Christine Colling, facing camera) appears in Hugh Ross-Williamson's play on an apron stage in the vast cathedral-nave Tithe Barn of Buckland Abbey, with its honey-coloured stone, mediæval rafters, and a glint of June sunlight through the slit-windows. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Plymouth, and members of the West Country Writers' Association are in the audience.

Queen Elizabeth (Miss Christine Colling) meets the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. H. E. Wright) while the Lord Mayor looks on. The Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth I. (Mr. W. Gavin Duke) is on the left (with beard).

The Lord Mayor (Alderman H. E. Wright) talks to the *Queen Elizabeth* cast after the Buckland Abbey matinée. Mr. Waveney Girvan, chairman of the West Country Writers' Association, is on the [redacted] left, with Mrs. Girvan behind them.

WRITERS AT BUCKLAND ABBEY

"We are all in Francis Drake's debt." Simple words: they excited listeners to Hugh Ross Williamson's portrait-play, *Queen Elizabeth*, in the Tithe Barn of Buckland Abbey, Devon, on June 4. No wonder: the Abbey was Drake's home; listeners belonged to the West Country Writers' Association, on a two-days Plymouth congress.

This began, under Waveney Girvan, when St. John Ervine spoke, wisely and movingly, on the youth of Bernard Shaw. Next morning, opening a West Country book exhibition, J. C. Trewin suggested the freedom of Plymouth for the Association's President, Mr. Eden Phillpotts. Members were then taken round Plymouth and out, ten miles, to Buckland Abbey, a civic luncheon, and the play.

First, Frank Swinnerton proposed "The West Country"; L. A. G. Strong (with an incidental command of Devon dialect) replied. Later, in the vast, shadowed Barn, upon an apron stage, *Queen Elizabeth* was done, confidently and well, by an amateur cast, with Christine Colling of Tavistock as Elizabeth the First. Drake, no doubt, was watching.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

Mr. R. F. E. Cock (*left*) at the Buckland Abbey reception, points out an architectural detail to Mr. St. John Ervine, [redacted] Mr. Bryan Little and the Plymouth-born Mr. L. A. G. Strong. Mr. J. C. Trewin is behind.

Mr. A. J. Coles ("Jan Stewer"), the Devon dialect writer, jokes with Mrs. Waveney Girvan, whose husband is chairman of the West Country Writers' Association.

Two of the Plymouth hosts: Mrs. H. G. Mason and Mr. C. P. Brown at the Buckland Abbey luncheon.

Lady Mander (Rosalie Glynn Grylls) listens to the dramatist and biographer, Mr. St. John Ervine.

he West Country Writers and their civic hosts at luncheon in a marquee outside Buckland Abbey. Those at the top table, *from right to left*, are r. C. P. Brown, Mrs. H. Mason, "Jan Stewer" (A. J. Coles) looking round tent-pole, Mrs. Girvan, Mrs. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. J. C. Trewin, Alderman ason, the Lady Mayoress of Plymouth, Mr. Waveney Girvan, the Lord Mayor of Plymouth (Alderman H. E. Wright), Mr. Frank Swinnerton, rs. J. C. Trewin, Alderman Sir Clifford Tozer, Lady Vyvyan, Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Lady Campbell, Mrs. St. John Ervine, Mr. St. John Ervine, and eyond tent-pole) Lady Mander (Rosalie Glynn Grylls). At the table nearest the camera are (*l. to r.*) Mr. David Thomas, Mr. Ashley Rowe, Miss Anne eneer, and Mrs. Lorna Horstmann. Opposite Mrs. Horstmann is Mr. Charles Causley, the Cornish poet (wearing spectacles), with (*r. to l.*) Miss Madge Smith, Miss C. Fox Smith, and Mrs. Mary Howard McClintock.

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WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

It is hard to realise that less than fifty years ago the only jobs thought suitable for women, and within their range, were those of governesses or "companions." The sex which was then considered unfit to vote, now represents the country in Parliament; the Church is the only profession still barred to women who, though they may continue to rock the cradle with one hand, more actively rule, or help to rule, the world with the other. The portraits reproduced here are from the exhibition which opened at the Hans Galleries this week.

Our Fashion Portfolio

Mrs. Bibury and the two girls all wear Horrockses' sun dresses. Jill's (*left*), with its brilliant checks of red, green, orange and rust, has a very "southern" look about it. The strapless top permits an even sun-tan. When buttoned up, the bolero makes this garden outfit into a practical street dress. Price £6 at Leons of Richmond. Her red and natural raffia "clogs" have a stout rope sole and cost £1 2s. 6d. at Simpsons. The shady linen hat (Simpsons) is £2 10s. 6d. Charlotte (*centre*) is wearing a delightfully "petite" dress in bright red and white checks. The tight, strapless boned top is offset by an immensely full flared skirt, cut on the cross. White piqué lines the tiny reversible bolero. From John Barker, price £4 14s. Mrs. Bibury's mauve dress has a full-gored skirt, cuffed top, broad shoulder straps which cross at the back and matching bolero. Natural raffia sandals from Simpsons, 22s. 6d.

THE BIBURYS ARE GOING ON HOLIDAY

Mrs. Bibury and her daughter Charlotte were invited by friends to spend an afternoon at their private swimming-pool in Surrey. Charlotte's friend, Jill Devon, went along too. All three took with them recently-bought cotton and beach clothes to try out before putting them to the real test of a long holiday in the South of France, for which they are leaving next week, and which means that we must reluctantly part company with them in the pages of *The Sketch*.

Feature specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS ARE GOING ON HOLIDAY

(Contd.)

Right:
This year, Bikinis and two-piece bathing suits have been made back numbers by the increasing popularity of the more becoming one-pieces, which are infinitely preferred by Charlotte and Jill. Charlotte (*left*) wears a very plain, beautifully-cut model in dark sapphire satin lastex. About £4 5s. 11d. at D. H. Evans. Jill's is in satin lastex suède, a very smooth material. Vertical panels of faggot stitching at the front, back and sides add to its streamlined appearance. In yellow, fuchsia, or turquoise, it costs £4 5s. 11d. from Selfridges, Hanningtons of Brighton, and Werff of Birmingham. These suits are both by "du Cros," and are available in various sizes. Bathing-caps, 5s. 6d. each, from Simpsons of Piccadilly.

Left:
An ardent sun-worshipper, Mrs. Bibury relaxes on the garden swing in a green-and-white waffle cotton three-piece sun-suit. The "underneath" part has a plain boned top, detachable shoulder straps, and a very brief skirt over attached silk panties. The flared skirt, with its "forked lightning" effect, can be added for more decorous wear. Mrs. Bibury has discarded the cap-sleeved, shirt-waisted bolero. Also obtainable in black and white or red and white, the suit is 14½ gns. at Harvey Nichols, bust sizes 34—40. Her gay, multi-coloured Swiss straw sandals can also be had in black, red and sky-blue (Mondaines, Bond Street, £1 7s. 6d.). Beside her is a yellow canvas and wicker holiday bag with rope handles and fully-lined with waterproof material (plus a handy pocket). From Simpsons, 3 gns. The "Mexican" straw hat with its appliquéd felt embroidery is only 12s. 6d. (Simpsons).

Left :

Charlotte and Jill obviously have lots to discuss as they laze beneath a shady tree. Charlotte's brief attire consists of "little boy" shorts and a boned strapless top in peacock blue and white heavy cotton (Harvey Nichols, price £2 9s. 6d., bust sizes 34—40, and in grey, yellow, cherry, emerald, tan blue and white). Jill's choice is a Horrockses' playsuit in stripes of cherry, black and white. This is another versatile garment, as the bolero, worn fastened with the skirt, makes it look like an ordinary dress. The sun-top has a halter neck, buttons down the front and ties in a knot or bow at the back. Bloomers have elasticised leg, and the button-through skirt has two convenient pockets. Price 7 gns. at Harvey Nichols, also in predominating colours of royal or yellow, bust sizes 34—40. The amusing "lobster pot" shoes worn by Charlotte cost 14s. 6d., and her blue and red plaited straw hat is 30s. Oblong-shaped fisherman's basket in tan canvas and wicker is 3 gns., and Jill's green shaded sun-glasses 19s. 6d. (All from Simpsons.)

Right :

Ready for another swim, Charlotte and Jill wait for Mrs. Bibury outside the swimming-pool. Charlotte's finger-tip-length jacket in sky-blue terry towelling has a swing back and large cuffs. Also made in yellow, tan, turquoise and royal, it costs £8 15s. (bust sizes 34—40) at Harvey Nichols. Her satin pin-spotted lastex grosgrain bathing suit has a steep plunging neckline (securely boned!) and a perky little frill round the top. Colours include turquoise, lime, silver blue, candy pink and black. Obtainable from Selfridges and Hanningtons of Brighton, price £4 5s. 11d. Jill loved her "Two-Way" model in vivid cherry lastex tricot as it can be worn either as a one- or two-piece. The midriff part is made so that it can be unfastened under the bust and rolled neatly down to the waist. Stocked by Bealesons of Bournemouth and Hanningtons of Brighton, it comes at £3 6s. 1d.; also in lagoon, honey gold, dark sapphire and black. Again both swim-suits are "du Cros" models. The multi-coloured striped canvas sandals are 22s. 6d. at Simpsons.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio

THE BIBURYS ARE GOING ON HOLIDAY

(Contd.)

Left:
Mrs. Bibury is encouraged by being told the water is "boiling" as she goes off to change. Here she has buttoned up her bolero so her sun-suit now looks like a dress. The black bathing suit, with its cunning design of hearts and arrows appliquéd in white flock, is in lastex tricot. White frilling edges the top and bottom, and white cords tie into a halter neck. D. H. Evans stock this "du Cros" model at £3 9s. 8d., also in cherry, lagoon, and sapphire. She carries a cosy, all-enveloping full-length bathing-wrap in turquoise terry towelling—just the thing to hug around herself afterwards if the sun goes in! Price 13½ gns., and in several other colours, at Harvey Nichols.

Right:
Once again wearing Horrockses' cottons, but this time in more formal styles, the Biburys wave good-bye before getting into their new car, a superbly luxurious Humber Imperial. Mrs. Bibury's emerald-green poplin dress has batwing sleeves, an unpressed pleated skirt, and minute gold buttons which continue below the waist. Price £7 19s. at Galeries Lafayette. High-heeled black kid narrow strip sandals (Saxone, Oxford Street, 49s. 9d.) are teamed with Fenwick's black plastic bag at 29s. 6d. The sandals are also available in pink, lilac, fuchsia, ivory and white. Charlotte's unusual dress in misty grey with a black spot has a finely-gathered skirt and voluminous elbow-length sleeves. A large pussy-cat bow ties under the Peter Pan collar. Cresta, of Regent Street, have it at £6 10s. Her white buckskin wedge-heeled sandals have insets of white nylon on the vamp, and can also be had in beige, red and black leather. From Saxone, 49s. 9d. White plastic drawstring bag is only 12s. 6d. at Fenwicks. A beautifully cool, cap-sleeved dress in small light and dark blue checks is worn by Jill. This again has the popular very full skirt. £4 10s. at Marshall and Snelgrove. Navy kid and nylon high-heeled sandals from Saxone (59s. 9d.) are available also in black, red and white, blue and white, and black and white. The navy calf plastic handbag has an attractive gilt frame. Price 29s. 6d. from Fenwicks.

Approximate prices only are quoted for Horrockses' dresses, which are to be had in the usual sizes.

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★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

IT is really quite remarkable, in view of the world-wide interest in the event, that we have had to wait till now for someone to give us a film about the Derby.

The producers have *talked* about it right enough. For many years it was one of Alfred Hitchcock's pet subjects. Others have toyed with the idea of doing something based on A. P. Herbert's operetta, or Frith's celebrated picture. But until Herbert Wilcox took the matter up, nothing ever came of these discussions. I can only suppose that the task of presenting the race itself proved too formidable. Years of news-reels and newspaper photographs have familiarised so many people with the Derby, that it would hardly seem possible to fool them with, say, the 2.35 at Epsom or some substitute at Alexandra Park.

It is characteristic of Mr. Wilcox, the most astute of British showmen, that, once he made up his mind to do the film, he got over all such difficulties by shrewd long-distance planning. He had the foresight to shoot the main material for his *Derby Day* on Epsom Downs last summer, and the patience to hold up the finished picture until the appropriate anniversary.

Derby Day was shown in London on Derby morning, when the interest of the public was tilted wholly in its direction. By a sheer stroke of luck, on which he could not possibly have calculated, but which may well be taken as the reward of bold showmanship, or simply the luck of the Irish, Mr. Wilcox might also claim to have, in some sort, tipped the winner. Sharp-eyed picturegoers can hardly have failed to recognise the jockey mounted on the victorious *Starry Night* in this picture. It was, of course, Charles Smirke, who was to ride *Tulyar* to triumph a few hours later. (The horse who plays *Starry Night* prefers, for technical reasons, to remain anonymous, but he, too, is a celebrated performer, who has several times served the punters well.)

Let it be said at once that *Derby Day*, unlike the race it celebrates, is not a classic. There is no harm in saying so, for it was clearly never meant to be. It was made quickly and easily, in a matter of six weeks, immediately after *The Lady With a Lamp*, and was intended, I feel sure, as an easer, a breathing-space, a relaxation to all parties, after the serious business of the Florence Nightingale picture. This alteration of styles is a favourite formula with Mr. Wilcox, who believes in never letting the public get tired of a good thing.

Derby Day, as befits an occasion when all roads lead to Epsom, is an omnibus picture. It deals with the fortunes of four couples, all strangers to each other, who go for various reasons to the Derby. The first story employs the talents of the Wilcox "regulars," Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding. She is a titled lady, who has just lost her husband in an air-crash. He is a newspaper cartoonist, whose fiancée has been killed in the same accident. Miss Neagle, horrifying her Mayfair staff as well as the sartorial experts, by changing out of mourning into a white Ascot gown and picture hat, is bound for the Derby to see her late husband's horse, *Starry Night*, run in her colours in the classic. Mr. Wilding is engaged, too, on a sentimental journey, the result of a promise made to his lost fiancée. The couple meet by chance on the road to Epsom, and before the day is over, find some comfort in each other's company.

The incident, to be sure, gives rather a fierce tug to the long arm of coincidence, but it is a delicate enough piece of sentiment in its own kind, matched by considerable delicacy in the acting. I like the way the players touch in the very reasonable effect of abstraction and polite formality, springing on the lady's part from social training, and on the gentleman's from natural shyness. This is something, in its small way, quite new both for Miss Neagle and for Mr. Wilding, and the stars' superb pretence of never having met before in pictures is something that must be seen to be believed.

The second story, with Googie Withers and John McCallum, belongs to the tough, low-life, British school, and deals with an Army deserter, lodged in a drab street in Battersea, who accidentally kills the husband of his mistress, and rushes off to Epsom to find a tipster who may smuggle them both out of the country. The murderer-on-the-run story has been done a little too often for my liking, and I thought the third episode, with Peter Graves and a charming French-Canadian actress named Suzanne Cloutier, came off better. This one is about a rather shop-soiled film-star whose company at the races has been won as second prize in a raffle. The genial ribbing of the British film industry is perhaps too much of a private joke, but so long as Mr. Graves and Miss Cloutier are on the screen the whole thing flows with an engaging smoothness.

The fourth story, scarcely more than a character sketch, touches on the dolours of a taxi-driver (Gordon Harker), who has waited forty years to take his old woman (Gladys Henson) to the Derby, and finds, when the chance turns up, that she is but a lugubrious companion, having set her heart on watching the race on television. Behind these personal anecdotes is the background of a real Derby Day, done on documentary lines with the proper stir and bustle. The race itself is a pastiche, presenting some odd discrepancies to the discerning eye, but as a whole seems a fine, legitimate, successful piece of cheating.

TALKING about the luck of the Irish, which we were some minutes ago, I wonder what the Irish will think of their luck in the American film called *The Quiet Man*.

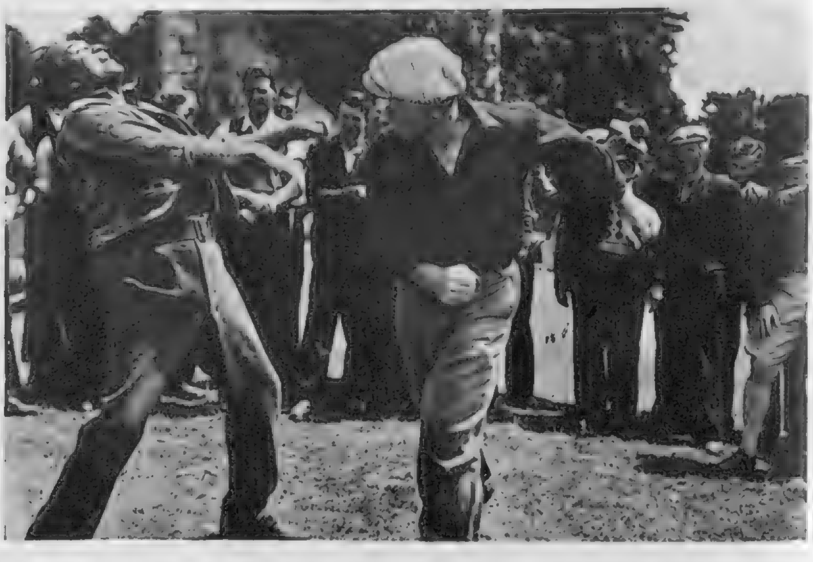
True, the film (directed by John Ford, who has always had a fancy for the brogue) was mainly shot in Ireland, and has the benefit of some Irish-born performers in leading parts, as well as a supporting cast from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. But it is hard to resist the impression that the visitors have brought back from Erin exactly the same baggage as they took there (apart from some soothing and delightful Technicolor pictures): a notion of the Ould Country as a place of fairy pipers, poteen, Mother Machree and leprechaunish humours; a legend of the Blarney Stone covered with Hollywood moss.

The Quiet Man (played with familiar easy charm by John Wayne) is an American boxer who has accidentally killed his partner in a fight, and comes home to find peace in Innisfree, in the white-washed cottage where he was born. Peace is exactly what he doesn't find. From the moment he sets foot in Innisfree, the place becomes a centre of turbulence. Everybody starts fighting somebody, for no apparent reason save that the script dictates the Irish must be always fighting. He courts a bride (Maureen O'Hara) and after some contention wins her, only to find that the lady will not share his bed until he fights her brother (Victor MacLaglen) for her dowry. So, in the end, the Quiet Man has to fight; and battle, once commenced, goes on for the better part of a day and night, involving all the inhabitants of Innisfree and environs.

If you enjoy watching running fights, you'll find this a good one. Good, too, is a steeplechase across the sand-dunes, and through the creamy edge of water. Barry Fitzgerald, as the marriage-broker who is also the local bookie, provides his own sort of nutcracker fun, and the scenery remains indomitably Irish. It is pleasant to see a glimpse of the real Innisfree, a place to which we have so long been bidden to arise and go now. But I came out of the film—I wonder why?—with the mischievous old parody ringing in my ears:

I will arise and go now, and go to Inverness;
And a small villa find there, of lath and plaster built;
Nine bathrooms will I have there, and don my native dress,
And walk about in a d-loud kilt.

DERBY DAY—and, as befits an occasion when all roads lead to Epsom, the film deals with the fortunes of four couples, all strangers to each other, who for various reasons, go to the Derby.



THE QUIET MAN—everybody starts fighting somebody for no apparent reason save that the script seems to dictate that the Irish must be always fighting. Innisfree becomes a scene of turbulence.

Schweppshire Post, 1952

COMING OUT
in H.M.S. Schweppshire

Charity Matinee
AT THE SCHWEMBASSY THEATRE

INFORMAL EVENING
at Schwepstow Castle

Miss Fiona fffield, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can wear a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skis with equal grace.

US

Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air, fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

Deb's Diary

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schweperelli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schweppingham, with whom I chatted.

Schweptuagenarian SWIMS CHANNEL

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

SURPRISING INTERVIEW

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle". Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going".

Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is *her* Uralian Setter, *his* Breton Half-shank Poodle.

ALPINE WEDDING

Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Früenfrü. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain.

WAGNERIAN WEDDING

BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

SOUTHWARD BOUND

Lady Bruce Wince Wincester, off to Schwischia

Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppey, off to Schwischl

The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

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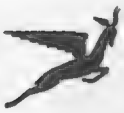

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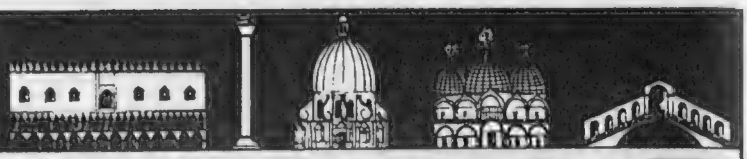

VENICE LIDO

EVENTS 1952

26th INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL EXHIBITION OF ART	June 14 - October 19
SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN THE DOGES PALACE	July 1 - 31
International Motorboat Races	July 13
THE FEAST OF THE REDEEMER	July 19
Air Week and International Aeronautical Show	July 24 - 27
MURANO REGATTA	August 3
NIGHT FETE ON THE GRAND CANAL	August 16
AT THE PALAZZO GRASSI:	
EXHIBITION "THE SILK INDUSTRY"	August 18 - October 19
PERFORMANCES IN THE OPEN	August 20 - September 10
13th INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL	August 20 - September 12
Opera Season in Campo Sant'Angelo	August
FESTIVAL OF FASHION	September 1 - 7
HISTORICAL REGATTA	September 7
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL of CONTEMPORARY MUSIC	September 10 - 22
WORLD CONGRESS OF ARTISTS UNDER THE AUSPCIES OF U.N.E.S.C.O.	September 22 - 28
13th INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL	September 23 - October 5

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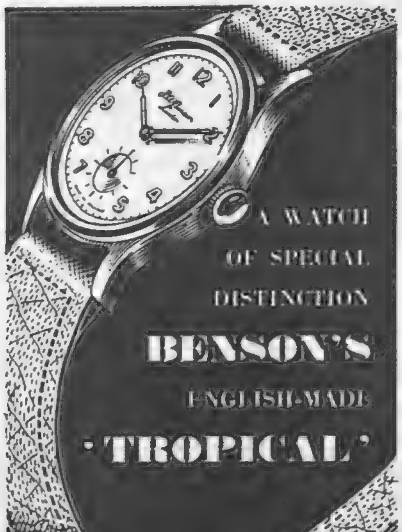
Ente Provinciale Turismo, San Marco Ascensione 1300, Venezia
and all Travel Agents.



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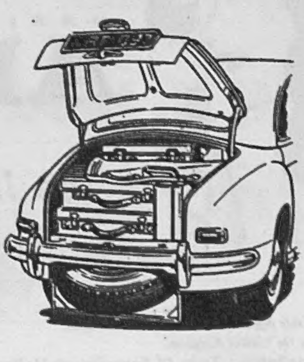

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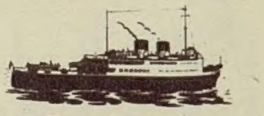

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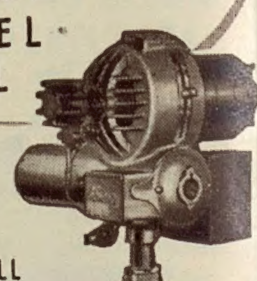

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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, June 18, 1952. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879. Postage Rates:—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.